HUNGARIAN REFERENCE
NEW YORK, N. Y.
LIBRARY

Londonderry

NARRATIVE OF A VISIT

TO

THE COURTS

OF

VIENNA, CONSTANTINOPLE,

ATHENS, NAPLES, &c.

BY

THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY,

HUMANITIES REFERENCE
NEW YORK, N. Y.
LIBRARY

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,

GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1844.

D919
L85

6
Copy

1396 N
JUL 8 1953

FREDERICK SHOBERL, JUNIOR,
PRINTER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT,
51, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET, LONDON.

CONTENTS.

NARRATIVE OF A VISIT TO THE COURTS OF VIENNA, &c.

CHAPTER I.

Start for Rotterdam—Discomforts of a steamer—Rotterdam—Antwerp—Fête of Rubens—Cathedral—Museum—Paintings of Rubens—Railway to Mechlin and Brussels—A week at Brussels—Railway to Liège—Travelling Companions—Aix-la-Chapelle—Cologne—Steaming up the Rhine—Bonn—Drachenfels—Coblentz—Ehrenbreitstein—Mayence—Wiesbaden—Excursion to Biberach—Frankfort—German posting and postboys—Würzburg—The Old Palace—The German Versailles—Cathedral—Nuremburg—Grand Reviews by the King of Bavaria—Royal forgetfulness—Prince Ernest of Saxe-Coburg—Fürth—Canal to connect the Danube and the Rhine—Ratisbon—The Walhalla—Palace of the Prince of Tour and Taxis—Statue by Dannecker—Steaming on the Danube—Lintz—A Tyrolese family—The Belgian Minister—Arrival at Vienna—Count Michel Woronzoff 1

CHAPTER II.

Dinner with the English ambassador—Changes—Prince Metternich—Old recollections—Dinner at the Russian ambassador's—Prince Metternich's gardens—Children of Prince Metternich—His conversation—Old times—Recollections of the Congress of Vienna—Prince Esterhazy—Dinner at Prince Metternich's—Prince

Jablonowsky—Cerito—Anecdotes of old Vestris—Princess Metternich—Interesting collection of portraits—The Prater—Visit to Prince Esterhazy at Pottendorf—Princess Lichtenstein—Prince Nicholas—Singular old fortress and its treasures—Visit to Esterhäz—Vast estate—A wild boy—Visit to Siegendorf—Count Szcheny—Countess Zichy—Eisenstadt—Immense orangery—Statue by Canova—An evening party at Prince Metternich's—Thalberg's playing—Lizst 31

CHAPTER III.

Departure from Vienna—Embark on the Danube—The captain—A character—Travelling companions—Emir Pacha—A German Baron—A Turkish doctor—A French milliner—Banks of the Danube—Presburg—Pesth—Buda—Suspension-bridge—Hungarian peasantry—Mohacs—Semlin—Belgrade—Drencova—Scenery of the Danube—Singular grotto—The Zingari—Fine road to Orsova—Wallachian village—Custom-House annoyances—Troubles of steaming—Carpathian mountains—Rutschûk—Aground—Giurgivo—Crossing the Balkan—Silistria—Braila—Galatz—Wallachian hospitality—A Wallachian ball—Zingari—Ferdinand steamer—Arrival at Constantinople . 55

CHAPTER IV.

First impressions of Constantinople—Golden Horn—Seraglio Point—Galata—Inconveniences of Constantinople—Pera—Tophana—Bazaar—Various costumes—Arabás—The Hyde Park of Constantinople—Female costumes—Visit to the interior of a harem—Reschid Pacha—His wives and family—Madame Franchini—Turkish women—Singular scene—Female buffoon—Harem of the Seraskier—A beautiful Odalisque—Tomb of Sultan Mahmoud—Hippodrome—A Turkish dinner—Circassian slaves—The favourite slave—Children—Turkish cookery—A Greek lady—After dinner ceremonies—Turkish singing—Greek slaves

—Tarapia—Sea of Marmora—The Sweet Waters—Buyûkdéré —The Sultan's Valley—Extraordinary tree—Arms' bazaar— Scutari 95

CHAPTER V.

Visit to the mosques of Constantinople—St. Sophia—Porphyry columns—Turks at their devotions—Splendid coup-d'œil—Seraglio—Mint—Immense plane tree—Sultan's apartments—Arsenal—Keys of all the pachaliks—Mosque of Sultan Ahmed—Singular story—Mustapha Pacha—Mosque of Suleiman—Mosque of Bajazet—Fifty thousand pigeons—Cost of visiting the mosques —Armenian burial-ground—Turkish cemetery—Greek funerals —Armenian marriages—Fires in Constantinople—Plague—Dancing Dervishes—Singular superstition—Slave market—Slave dealers—Georgian and Circassian slaves—The Thousand and One columns—Close of the Ramazan . . 129

CHAPTER VI.

Close of the Ramazan—The Bairam—Rejoicings—Grand Procession—Turkish bath—Turkish stud—An offended dignitary—Close of the Bairam—Audience of the sultan—Tscheragan Palace —Admiral Walker's lady—Preliminary ceremonies—Novelty of an audience granted by the sultan to a Frank lady—Apartments of the palace—A surprise—Description of Abdul Mehjid—His dress—Doing homage—Reschid Pacha—A hurricane—Annoyances of Constantinople—Dogs—Departure for Smyrna—Mitylene —Syra—Quarantine—Milo—Voyage to Corfu—Lazzaretto—Sir Howard and Lady Douglas—Sir George Berkeley—A character —Anecdote of King Otho—Patras—The Little Dardanelles 147

CHAPTER VII.

Our captain—Arrival at Leutrachi—Callimachi—Proceed to Athens in a Russian cutter—Royal Hotel, Athens—Acropolis—

Parthenon—Anecdote of an English captain—The Erechtheum—Temple of Theseus—Temple of Jupiter—New palace building for King Otho—Divine service at Sir Edmund Lyons's—Public promenade—Presentation to the Queen—Dresses of the Albanians and Greeks—The banker's—Lantern of Lysicrates—General Church's collection of portraits—A review—To Callimachi in King Otho's steamer—Voyage to Zante—Effects of the late earthquake—Arrival of our children from Corfu—Voyage to Malta—Quarantine—Settle at the house of the governor, Sir Henry Bouverie—General appearance of the island—Cathedral of St. John—Voyage to Palermo—Turtle—Palermo and its environs—La Favorita—The Palazzo Reale—Shrine of St. Rosalia—Montreale—Voyage to Capri—Arrival at Naples—Theatre of St. Carlos—Carnival ball—Presentation to the King and Queen—Ball at Baron Rothschild's—Court ball—Palace—Masked balls at the St. Carlos Theatre—Fête given by the Duke de Montebello—Acton Palace—Ball at the academy—Shrove Tuesday amusements—Lady Blessington's villa, the Belvidere Palace—Comparison between the Bay of Naples and the Bosphorus—Museum—Severin Chapel—Jews' quarter—Pompeii—News of the fire at Wynyard 175

CHAPTER VIII.

Departure from Naples—Mola di Gaeta—Albano—Arrival at Rome—St. Peter's—Studios of Rome—The English sculptors, Macdonald and Gibson; Thorwaldsen, Guaccarini, Terraciani—Extraordinary model of Pæstum—The Capitol—Anecdote—Borghese Gallery—Doria Palace—St. Peter's on Palm Sunday—Torlonia Palace—St. John of Lateran—Borghese Chapel—The death of Youth—Villa Borghese—The Pantheon—Departure from Rome—Impositions of Postmasters—Road to Florence—Schneider's Hotel—Bartolini—Pitti Palace—Leghorn—Steam to Marseilles—Home . . . 209

NARRATIVE OF A TOUR IN PORTUGAL, SPAIN, &c.

CHAPTER I.

Departure — Falmouth — The Braganza steamer — Cape Finisterre — Vigo — Lisbon — Filth and poverty of the people — High mass — The Queen of Portugal — Dogs in the church — Visit to the Duke of Terceira — Cintra — The Cork Convent — Penha Verde — The Queen's palace — The Marialva palace — Montserrat and Mr. Beckford — Mafra — Its vast extent — Return to Lisbon — Departure for Cadiz 227

CHAPTER II.

Arrival at Cadiz — The harbour — Captain Lyon's yacht — City of Cadiz — English consul — Alameda — Cathedral — Passage to Seville — English boarding-house at Seville — High mass at the cathedral — Illuminations — A bull-fight — Visit to the Alcazár — Immense snuff manufactory — Murillos — Spanish convent — Abbess and nuns — Mr. Standish — Flowers — Return to Cadiz — Visit to Xeres — Mr. Gordon's cellars . . 253

CHAPTER III.

Voyage to Tangiers — Lord and Lady Wilton — Mr. Drummond Hay — Fair in Barbary — A funeral — Qualification for Saints — Innumerable cats — Singular scene — Arab arms — Delicious climate — Splendid flowers and fruits — Hospitality — Flight of locusts — A lion — Moorish ornaments — Moorish musicians — Dr. Forbes — Visit to the Bashá — A beautiful Jewess — Moorish castle — The Bashá's wives — Voyage to Gibraltar —

Prince Henry of Orange—A grand dinner—The wonders of the rock—Algesiras—St. Michael's Cave . . . 277

CHAPTER IV.

Ceuta Bay—The Spanish Gibraltar—Spanish convicts—Tetuan Bay—Shoal of porpoises—An old Moor—Ride to Tetuan—A thief—Visit to the Bashá—Moorish mode of making tea—The Bashá's wife—A young Moorish bride—Moorish stud—A Jewish family—The Vice Consul's family—Return to Gibraltar—Voyage to Malaga—Journey to Granada—Spanish etiquette—Spanish Posada—Bandits—Arrival at Granada . . 295

CHAPTER V.

Visit to the Alhambra—Palace of Charles V.—Washington Irving—All expectations surpassed—Matéo Ximenes, the guide—Court of the Alberca—Court of the lions—Hall of the Abencerrages—Lord Porchester—Hall of ambassadors—The Tocador—Unrivalled view—Habitations of the Zingari—The cathedral of Granada—The Alameda—The governor, General Mier—Carthusian convent—The Generaliffe—The Daro and the Xenil—Motril—El Colmenor—Spanish Alcalde . . 311

CHAPTER VI.

Motril and its climate—Embark on board the Antelope yacht—Voyage to Carthagena—Scene of desolation—Embark for Barcelona—Voyage—Morera Bay—A foraging party—Cape St. Martin—A night at sea—Barcelona—English Consul—Montjuic—Grand Ball—Spanish ladies—Wealth of the peasantry—Voyage to Marseilles—Curious chapel—Toulon—Prince de Joinville—Hyères—Return to England . . . 329

CHAPTER I.

Start for Rotterdam—Discomforts of a steamer—Rotterdam—Antwerp—Fête of Rubens—Cathedral—Museum—Paintings of Rubens—Railway to Mechlin and Brussels—A week at Brussels—Railway to Liège—Travelling Companions—Aix-la-Chapelle—Cologne—Steaming up the Rhine—Bonn—Drachenfels—Coblentz—Ehrenbreitstein—Mayence—Wiesbaden—Excursion to Biberach—Frankfort—German posting and postboys—Würzburg—The Old Palace—The German Versailles—Cathedral—Nuremburg—Grand Reviews by the King of Bavaria—Royal forgetfulness—Prince Ernest of Saxe-Coburg—Fürth—Canal to connect the Danube and the Rhine—Ratisbon—The Walhalla—Palace of the Prince of Tour and Taxis—Statue by Dannecker—Steaming on the Danube—Lintz—A Tyrolese family—The Belgian Minister—Arrival at Vienna—Count Michel Woronzoff.

NARRATIVE OF A VISIT

TO THE

COURTS OF VIENNA, &c.

CHAPTER I.

Saturday, Aug. 22, 1840.—Among the various vexations of life, (I mean not its real ills, but the many trifles that annoy and irritate) few things are more disagreeable than the bedside apparition of one's maid, with a candle in her hand, at four o'clock in the morning. It was, however, my fate to suffer from such a visitation on the above-mentioned day, when, after quickly completing our preparations, we hurried to the Tower Stairs, and embarked on board the Giraffe steamer, which was to start for Rotterdam precisely at seven.

Leaving England, however agreeable our prospects, or bright our anticipations may be, always gives rise to anxious and mournful thoughts; the mind tries to pierce the long, dark vista before it, and to divine what the coming months may have in store, of good or ill; and the uncertainty in which it remains after all its efforts, leaves a shade of fear and gloom.

I was roused from these reflections by an old foreigner coming on board, quarrelling with a waterman, who had tried to cheat him of a shilling. He was a respectable-looking man, and began a piteous complaint of the impositions of English people in their dealings with strangers. I could not help thinking, while commiserating this victim of cab-drivers and watermen, that foreigners have their revenge when English people wander abroad.

There were two cabins and a saloon on deck, and to one of the former I soon retreated, and succeeded in making myself tolerably comfortable. The advantage of not going below is so great, that I am surprised this plan is not more general. The

enjoyment of light and fresh air greatly alleviates, if it does not altogether prevent suffering.

The weather was lovely, and for the first seven hours we glided on without apparent motion. The night was hot, with frequent flashes of lightning; the sea became rough, and most of the passengers were ill. At two o'clock in the morning we stopped, as I was informed, for want of water — a singular deficiency in the middle of the sea! At seven o'clock, however, we proceeded, and, having taken in a Dutch pilot, and been boarded by a custom-house officer, we reached Rotterdam at twelve, and were received by the consul, Sir Alexander Ferrier, who conducted us to the Hôtel des Pays Bas.

Being Sunday, all the people were dressed in their gayest attire, and the promenade was full, and looked very gay; but, after spending thirty hours in a steamer, we were more inclined to rest than to explore. Since I had been at Rotterdam, four years before, the navigation of the Rhine had greatly progressed; the boats are now numerous, and, as we were told, are admirably managed,

and, from the great competition, the fares are very low.

Captain Chaplin (at whose military academy, near Namur, our son was placed) arrived, and decided us to go by Brussels to see him. Accordingly, we hired the pavilion of a small steamer that was to start for Antwerp that night, and perform her passage in twelve hours. I cannot say much for the cleanliness of this temporary habitation, but, on one point, at least, it would be unjust to deny its due; for I never, during my whole existence, heard such a noise; Bedlam seemed broke loose all night; and I was truly glad when we arrived, soon after one o'clock, at Antwerp; and, leaving the luggage to be examined at the custom-house, and conveyed to the railway, where we were to find it at four o'clock, we hastened to the cathedral.

The town was in a great bustle, this being the last of the fifteen days devoted to the fête of Rubens. All the vessels had their colours flying, the people wore their gayest dresses, and crowds were assembling to crown the statue of the great

painter, of whom they are so justly proud. This ceremony only occurs once in a hundred years, and this is but the second time it has been celebrated. Fine triumphal arches had been erected; but I was told the finest sight of all was the illumination of the shipping with coloured lamps. This had cost the town £5000.

The cathedral is a beautiful Gothic building, with a lofty tower and spire; the second tower was never finished. Rubens's "Descent from the Cross" is a magnificent picture, and very superior to its companion, "the Ascent." The Ascension is over the altar, and is also splendid, and as we stood, the rays of the sun fell on it, and displayed it to the greatest advantage.

From hence we hurried to the Musée, where the Crucifixion, also by Rubens, claims the traveller's admiration. There are many other pictures by the same master, and the collection is rich in Vandykes; but unfortunately we had not time to examine them, or to go to the church of St. Jaques, which contains some splendid paintings.

We paid a passing visit to Mr. Baillie, the great

shawl merchant, and bought some of the celebrated black silk for which Antwerp is famed. We then drove to the railway, where we found a scene of unequalled confusion. In consequence of the fête, 10,000 people required accommodation. The directors put on more carriages, and preached patience. We had great difficulty in getting places, and only succeeded after a smart contest between Lord L. and some insolent priest. The trains on this railway are not fast, and make four long stoppages between Brussels and Antwerp, a distance of thirty miles. The longest is at Mechlin, from whence all the railways branch. They are managed by the government, and said to be by no means so lucrative as when they were in the hands of the commercial and contracting parties. I was told that now they hardly pay their expences, whereas before the profits were immense.

The old tower at Mechlin is very picturesque, though still unfinished. There are many fine pictures in the church, but we could not remain long enough to see them.

To me there is a great charm in Brussels, owing

to its cleanliness, brightness, and gaiety, and the clear atmosphere and blue sky. The smart shops, wide streets, and regular buildings, always remind me of Paris, without its drawbacks of noise and confusion. When here four years ago we visited the Prince of Orange's palace, and explored all the curiosities of the place, but our stay this time was productive of little incident. I went over the lace-shops, and could not resist making some purchases. The cookery of the hotel was so bad, that we had recourse to a restaurateur, where we however fared no better. The little carriages or flys, called "vigilantes," are particularly convenient.

After spending nearly a week at Brussels, we left it on Monday, the 31st, by the early train, which goes first to Mechlin, and thence by Tirlemont to Ans, a little distance from Liège. Here we were obliged to scramble into omnibuses of the worst description, that threatened dislocation to the bones and distraction to the head, as we jumbled on to the best inn (the Pavillon Anglais.) The railway travelling has the undoubted advantage of enabling one to move from place to place with

great rapidity, but its inconveniences are innumerable; such as the noise, the smell, the jar, and, above all, the being brought into contact with all kinds and conditions of people.

On this occasion there was a large assemblage of priests, and a lady of not very refined appearance, who confided to me a plaintive story of her being too late for one train, and missing another, while she was drinking a glass of *eau sucrée*, and finally declared that she had found herself at Brussels, meaning to be at Liège, without her *sac de nuit*, which she assured me contained 1500 francs. A picturesque-looking man, in a green costume, and Louis Quatorze boots, whose appearance was half Spanish brigand, half player, also accompanied us. On getting into the omnibus, the lady, with great glee, informed me,

"J'ai tout retrouvé, jusqu'à mon ombrelle."

We dined at Liège, and posted on to Aix-la-Chapelle, where we arrived late, having passed the Prussian frontier. The Custom-House officers were civil, and did not unpack or meddle with any thing we had except a ham, on which they enforced duty.

The railroad is to be continued to Cologne, much to the convenience of travellers. We remained but one night at Aix, which was full of people. I tried one of the baths, but cannot say I liked the experiment. Napoleon's famous bath no longer exists.

On arriving at Cologne, after a hot dusty drive, we immediately visited the cathedral, which has never been finished. There are numerous strange legends respecting this pile, one of which is, that the devil furnished the plan; but in consequence of the architect having failed in his part of the compact, his satanic majesty destroyed the design, and nobody else has been able to complete it. The King of Prussia sent lately to have an estimate of the expense of finishing it, and the valuation amounted to four millions of thalers — about a million sterling. It is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, and contains many objects of interest, among which is the shrine of the three kings of Cologne. The heart of Marie de Medicis is said to be buried within the walls of this church. The painted glass is beautiful.

We were next day picked up by the steamer, which brought the rest of our family from Rotterdam. These boats are long, narrow, and adapted to carry a great number of passengers. There were two hundred on this occasion; but, as we occupied the pavilion, which is really a good-sized private room, we were well accommodated, enjoyed plenty of air and light, and were not molested by strangers. The steamer was to have sailed at six, but of that we were not aware, and were, consequently, left behind. In fact, the vessel had left the place of embarkation, but, on seeing us arrive, the captain very civilly put back.

We passed Bonn and Drachenfels, both of which disappointed me, and at four o'clock we arrived at Coblentz, which is finely situated. A picturesque bridge of boats connects it with the citadel of Ehrenbreitstein, bristling with its embrasures and lines of artillery, on the opposite side of the river.

There are several fine large inns at Coblentz, looking towards the quay. We had good rooms at the Hôtel du Géant, where we were to pass the night, the steamer remaining till seven o'clock the

next morning. We took a walk in the evening, and, discovering an excellent bookseller's shop, purchased some books, and then crossed the bridge of boats. The effect of the scenery at night was very striking; "the wide and winding Rhine," smooth as a mirror, gave back the thousand lights from the old Gothic windows and gable ends of the numerous edifices. The weather was worthy of a southern clime, not a breath of wind, not a vestige of damp; and a clear full moon completed the charm of this lovely scene.

Next morning, September 4th, we continued our progress. After Coblentz, the scenery becomes much more grand. We passed some old castles, and many picturesque crags and hills, feathered down to the water's edge with rich and luxuriant foliage. The prettiest seemed to be one belonging to Prince Frederic of Prussia. This castle has been repaired and rendered habitable, and must be in summer a delightful residence. It is situated halfway up a rocky hill, perched like an eagle's nest in a romantic situation, and commands no doubt a magnificent view.

We landed at four o'clock at Mayence, which appeared a dismal old fortified town; and, after getting our letters, we crossed the bridge of boats, which is here thrown over the Rhine, and found ourselves at the railway-office. Here, as usual, there seemed much confusion, and we discovered, when too late, that our carriages ought to have been landed at Biberach, and that they must now post to Wiesbaden. After waiting an hour in the travellers' room, almost suffocated by thick smoke from the persevering Germans' cigars, and after nearly taking the wrong train (which would have deposited us at Frankfort), we were conveyed, during a tremendous thunderstorm and torrents of rain, to Wiesbaden, where we determined to rest a few days, and found tolerable rooms at the Hôtel de la Rose.

This town is larger than I expected, and remarkably clean and well built. It was very full, but we found no one of our acquaintance. The waters are hot, and are considered very efficacious against gout and rheumatism. I can imagine that to an invalid in search of health and repose, this place would be a

most agreeable abode; but for persons who do not drink the waters, or take the baths, and who seek amusement in gaiety and excitement, it certainly would not answer.

At six o'clock in the morning the band begins to play, and all the people flock to the well, where they receive as many glasses of this nearly boiling water as they may think fit to swallow, walking ten minutes between each; they then hurry to the baths, where they remain twenty minutes, and after their breakfast the day is spent in walking, lounging, and idling about. The walks at Wiesbaden are pretty, and there is a fine square, built of white stone, with a large room for play and *réunion*, and a range of shops on each side, under a colonnade. The shops appeared all of an inferior description, like stalls at a fair. The effect of the Bohemian glass is, however, very beautiful: the variety of shapes and hues gives the appearance of a garden of tulips.

We made an excursion to Biberach, the summer palace of the Duke of Nassau, who has lately succeeded his father. The gardens are laid out in the

English style, and consist of three hundred acres; the castle looks upon the Rhine, and has a fine broad Italian terrace, covered with magnificent orange trees. The views up and down the Rhine from hence are enchanting, and here we bid farewell to that noble river. The interior of the palace is in no way striking. The principal features are two galleries in white and gold, one on each side of a round room, with a dome supported by marble columns. We were shown the private apartments, and some vases which had been presented to the late Duke, by Napoleon and the Emperor Nicholas.

Sunday 7.—We attended divine service in the fine old Lutheran chapel; all the resident English were there, but I did not recognise any one. The weather had entirely changed since the thunderstorm, and now became so cold that we almost longed for fires.

On Wednesday 10th, we took our leave of Wiesbaden, and our britschka having been ingeniously converted into a carriage which would give us four inside places and the same number outside,

the junior branches of the family were packed therein. The method of arranging these little open carriages in Germany so that they may close for four persons when necessary, has great merit. It does not require above ten minutes to effect the metamorphosis. Having no travelling waggon or *fourgon*, our beds, canteens, and every thing not previously sent on by diligence, were packed on the carriages, and our great coach was tolerably well loaded.

We passed through the fine free town of Frankfort, but having spent a week there four years ago, we did not delay above half an hour, while I drove to the brilliant and spacious shop of Monsieur Stiegewald, glittering with Bohemian glass of every form and hue. Frankfort is finely situated on the Maine; it is built of white stone, has wide streets and good hotels.

We crossed the bridge, and proceeded to Aschaffenburg, where we were to pass the night. The approach to it is romantic; a fine old red brick castle, with towers and turrets, stands on a height. We set out at nine o'clock the fol-

lowing morning, and passed a large forest and some pretty scenery. Nothing can be more wearisome than the German posting. The sluggishness and *sang froid* of the people, the delays, the hilly roads, the extreme slowness, and the impossibility of obtaining the smallest attention to your remonstrances, beyond a puff of smoke in your face, are a continued trial of patience. The Bavarian postboys are dressed in light blue, with white feathers, and a horn, on which they sometimes play a pretty waltz, but more frequently only produce a cracked and disagreeable sound. A great deal of fuss is made about the passports, which are taken from you, and pored and mumbled over, in every town.

Würzburg is a venerable old city, looking dull and deserted, but possessing great remains of its former splendour when under ecclesiastic rule. An ancient bridge, with colossal statues, is first passed. We spent the night at an hotel, which we found dear and dirty, and the eating beyond all description bad. Having discovered that the waiter and the master of the inn understood French, I derived considerable comfort from in-

forming them that we had meant to stay the next day, but finding every thing so bad, we should go on.

Next morning we went to see the old palace, which is of great extent, and from its magnificence in gilding, marbles, &c., is called the German Versailles, nor is it wholly unworthy of the name. The chapel, into which we were first shown, is not very much inferior to the French one. The staircase is large, and particularly easy of ascent. There are various suites of apartments belonging to the king, the queen, the crown prince, and the queen mother. The rooms of the latter are filled with pictures of her numerous family, but there is nothing remarkable beyond the length of the vista, and the number of apartments, except an old chamber entirely composed of painted glass; even the ceiling and shutters are of the brightest colours, and the whole has a singular and pleasing effect, being like the finest enamel.

We went to see the old cathedral, which is spacious and handsome, and was once richly gilt. After a hurried visit to a curiosity-shop, where china, glass, cabinets, old silver, and plate were

displayed, we recommenced our journey. The distance from Würzburg to Nuremburg may be accomplished in twelve hours, but we determined to divide this, and sleep at Langenfeldt, a small dirty inn, where, nineteen years before, returning from Vienna, we bought and carried off all their china, of which they knew not the beauty, but which turned out to be the finest old Dresden, and once the property of the Margrave of Anspach. The landlord remembered us all, but was surprised when shown Seaham, as the baby then three months old.

On arriving at Nuremburg the following day, after passing through a country where hop-gardens replaced the vineyard, we found the whole place in the greatest possible state of commotion and rejoicing. The king held his court there, and the reviews were just over; there had been 20,000 men. Many foreigners of distinction were still there, and several balls and concerts had been lately given. Every house was decorated with blue and white festoons, every window wreathed with garlands, and triumphal arches had been erected, flags were flying, and in short the city was

one scene of gaiety. We found rooms prepared for us at the Hôtel de Bavière, and here we determined to remain a few days.

Lord L. wrote to the aide-de-camp in waiting, explaining our ignorance of the king's being at Nuremburg, our intention of proceeding to Münich to pay our court, and also that Lord L.'s uniform had been sent on with the baggage, but that he trusted he would be allowed the gratification of an audience of his majesty. To this we received a cold and flat refusal, rendered the more ungracious and unkind, in Lord L.'s opinion, from the former intimacy that subsisted between the king, when crown prince, and Lord L., and the late Lord Castlereagh, at Vienna, during the Congress in 1814. We found Lord Combermere, who had .met with a similar refusal.

Prince Ernest of Saxe Coburg came to visit us. He had performed our last year's tour round Spain, had been to Lisbon and Tangiers, and expressed himself delighted with all he had seen. He was going off immediately to the camp near Manheim, where there were to be reviews of the German con-

federation troops, consisting of about 60,000 men, commanded by the King of Wurttemberg.

The weather being very wet during our stay at Nuremburg, we were unable to go out. The town of Fürth, close to it, has lately sprung up, and is principally peopled with Jews. A railroad connects it with Nuremburg, and a distance of four miles is accomplished in a quarter of an hour; for even the railways in Germany partake of the national slowness. The canal that is to connect the Danube and the Rhine, and fulfill the great scheme of Charlemagne and the favourite project of Napoleon, will pass through this city. It is an immense work, and will cost twelve hundred thousand florins. It appears to be carried on in a noble manner, being formed with the finest and whitest stone. We were told it had been undertaken by the king, who was very eager about it, but that commercial men had no opinion of the speculation, and that the shares had fallen thirty per cent., from the idea that there never could be sufficient traffic to repay such an immense outlay.

We were unwilling to leave Nuremburg without

seeing Fürth ; we accordingly set out by the railway, which runs close by the roadside, and appears to be placed there for the purpose of frightening all the horses that pass near it. I must not omit to record the singular fact that, as there is but one steam-engine, which is always going backwards and forwards, the alternate trips are performed by two miserable horses. Having missed the right train, by delaying too long at Mr. Pickert's, an old Jew, with all the commercial dexterity and acuteness of his tribe, who has an immense collection of antiques and curiosities of all sorts and descriptions, we returned with the horses, and were half an hour on the road.

We were informed that there is not a single English resident in all Nuremburg. It is a dull old town. We went over the exhibition, where in several rooms are displayed the various manufactures of the place. The furniture was the best, and rather in the French style ; but, in general, the things struck me as clumsy and uncouth. We also visited Bestel Meyer's, a sort of bazaar, where I was much struck with the beauty of the toys, every

thing being executed in miniature, in gold and silver.

Wednesday 16.—We left Nuremburg. The distance to Ratisbon, thirteen and a half German miles, or sixty-five English, was divided into two days, as the roads were hilly, the carriages heavy, and the posting indescribably slow and tedious. We slept at a clean new inn at Neumarkt, and proceeded next morning to Ratisbon. The scenery was wild, and we passed through a great extent of forest. There is a stone bridge at Ratisbon, the only one on the whole course of the Danube down to the Black Sea.

The inn at Ratisbon was noisy and dirty, though the best in the place; but, as we only intended to stay one day, this was of little consequence. We determined to make the most of our time; and, setting out early, in a dirty fiacre, drove to Monsieur Kock's curiosity-shop. We found temptation only in some silver clasps for books, and, after making choice of a few, and offering nearly half what he demanded, we left him to reflect upon the matter, and pursued our drive. The Rathhaus, or Town

Hall, has no merit in point of beauty, but is of great antiquity; the barbarous and ancient methods of torture are to be seen, but we declined the pressing invitation of our guide to visit them. Ratisbon is a curious old town, but melancholy and deserted; the cathedral is a fine specimen of ancient Gothic architecture; some of the windows are of old painted glass, but those put in by the present king nearly equal them in richness of colour.

We drove to the Walhalla, which occupied about half an hour, through an ugly flat country. This fine Grecian temple is built on an eminence looking over the Danube, and has a very extensive and magnificent view. It was commenced in 1830, and is to be finished in 1842. The conception is grand, and too much praise cannot be bestowed on the King of Bavaria, for the liberality and public spirit with which it has been executed, with revenues that otherwise he might have appropriated to himself. The proportions I regretted I could not obtain, but they are colossal. It is built on the model of the Parthenon, and is of the finest white

stone, entirely lined with red and white marble, and is destined to contain the statues and busts of all the great, good, and wise men of Germany, from the earliest ages to the present moment. Three stone terraces and a flight of steps lead down to the river.

At the adjoining village is the summer residence of Prince Tour and Taxis. The gardens are on the Danube, and the stables and riding-school seemed well arranged; but being pressed for time, we did not delay, but returned to Ratisbon. Here is the town palace of the same prince, who is said to possess immense wealth. It is yet in an unfinished state, and numbers of workmen are employed about it. Some Gothic passages and a small private chapel have been completed, and are in good taste. The painted windows in the latter, though modern, are exquisitely finished, and a fine statue of Christ is here, in Carrara marble, by Dannecker. We saw a collection of modern pictures, and on returning home we found Monsieur Kock, who had decided on accepting our offer for the silver book-clasps.

The journey from Ratisbon to Vienna being nearly sixty posts, and tedious and uninteresting, we determined to avail ourselves of the steamers down the Danube, which mode of travelling reduces the whole to a voyage of two days. The only drawback is the necessity of rising early, the vessel starting before five o'clock in the morning. On account of the difficulty of the navigation of the Danube, the boats are very long and narrow. Those to Lintz, which is the first day's halt, belong to a Bavarian company, and are certainly inferior to the Austrian.

We passed the Walhalla, which, when the wooden shed in which it is now encased is removed, will be a commanding object from the Danube. The scenery is in my opinion much more striking than the dressed and cultivated banks of the Rhine; the steep hills, the dark pine-forests, the high crags, are all bolder; nor are ruins and old castles wanting to complete the picturesque effect, while antique legends and traditions add to the interest.

We reached Lintz at seven o'clock in the even-

ing, and with great difficulty got some extremely bad garrets, at the inn called "The White Goose," for which I was told we paid nearly double what we had previously given for good apartments.

The carriage and baggage were removed to the Austrian steamer, and next morning at six, we went on board, in a most violent deluge of rain. The vessel was much larger than that of the preceding day, but we found it a scene of bustle and confusion, as several carriages, and between two and three hundred people of all nations, required accommodation.

I was quite comfortable in a deck-cabin, with plenty of air and light, from whence I could gaze on the scenery, and, unseen, observe our fellow-passengers. A Tyrolese party, in their national dress, attracted attention; their carriage was peculiar, and we were told that the head of the family was a chief in his own land. Turks, Germans, and a motley crew, completed the party.

We made acquaintance with the Belgian minister, who was going to Vienna, and found him a gentlemanlike young man. The rain continued with-

out intermission the whole day. The scenery was much the same as yesterday, and the river, rushing like an angry torrent, bore us on rapidly. We passed Mölk, and admired its old Benedictine convent, which is of great size, and situated on a height overhanging the river. It is a noble object, and must command a magnificent view.

At about four o'clock we reached Neusdorf, and the passengers rushed to the landing, to meet their expecting friends in the crowd assembled on shore. Prince Esterhazy had most kindly sent his intendant and his carriage, to take us to the Swan Inn in Vienna, where we were to reside until his country-house at Maria-Hülf, at a short distance from the town, could be prepared for our reception. We were driven by the coachman who had served us when we were last in Vienna, in 1823.

The hotel was noisy, and, though the cookery was good, we had in no other respect reason to be pleased with our abode. Our rooms were large, but on the second-floor, and we were annoyed with a very bad smell, most accurately described in Murray's "Southern Germany."

Here we found a letter from Count Michel Woronzoff, and moreover heard that he was in Vienna, and would come and see us, and talk over the possibility of our going to Constantinople by Odessa and the Crimea, rather than by the Danube. On the one hand was to be considered the fatigue of a long land journey, over bad roads, and with bad inns; and on the other, the damps and risks of the Danube, the changing steamers, &c.

HUNGARIAN REFERENCE
NEW YORK, N. Y.
LIBRARY

CHAPTER II.

Dinner with the English ambassador—Changes—Prince Metternich—Old recollections—Dinner at the Russian ambassador's—Prince Metternich's gardens—Children of Prince Metternich—His conversation—Old times—Recollections of the Congress of Vienna—Prince Esterhazy—Dinner at Prince Metternich's—Prince Jablonowsky—Cerito—Anecdotes of old Vestris—Princess Metternich—Interesting collection of portraits—The Prater—Visit to Prince Esterhazy at Pottendorf—Princess Lichtenstein—Prince Nicholas—Singular old fortress and its treasures—Visit to Esterhäz—Vast estate—A wild boy—Visit to Siegendorf—Count Szcheny—Countess Zichy—Eisenstadt—Immense orangery—Statue by Canova—An evening party at Prince Metternich's—Thalberg's playing—Lizst.

CHAPTER II.

The day after our arrival, we dined with Lord Beauvale. He was extremely kind and amiable, but I was rather surprised to find the English ambassador established in two rooms, on a second-floor. Mr. Crompton and Mr. Maule, the two *attachés*, and Mr. Milbanke, the secretary of the embassy, whom we had formerly known at Petersburg, completed the party.

It is curious to revisit a place after eighteen years' absence, and to mark the changes in society. Prince Metternich replied to Lord L.'s inquiries after various people—

"Ecoutez, mon cher—les vieilles femmes que vous avez connues sont mortes, et les jeunes sont devenues vieilles. Voilà l'histoire."

We asked permission to see our old house, now the residence of the French ambassador, and we walked through all the rooms, so interesting to us from former recollections. It is still one of the best houses in Vienna.

The city has been greatly improved ; the suburbs have been paved and connected with the town, which of itself is small ; the buildings are grander, the shops and *magasins* more than trebled, and great changes for the better have taken place on all sides.

Wednesday 23.—We were at a great dinner at Monsieur Tatischeff, the Russian ambassador's. He has the spacious hotel belonging to Prince Louis Lichtenstein. The dinner was very magnificent, and I was afterwards shown the armoury, and an immense collection of *bijouterie* and *vieilleries*. We met Madame Narishkin, Count Woronzoff, Prince and Princess Kourakin, Countess Razomoffsky, and many whose names I did not know.

After the dinner we drove to Prince Metternich's garden, where there was a "*réception*," he and the

princess having just returned from their chateau at Konigswarth in Bohemia. I own I was curious to see once more this extraordinary man, who has so long exercised such an influence over European politics, and whose power here seems supreme. Eighteen years ago, I thought him old, but very agreeable; he was then married to an amiable invalid, of his own age, and had four daughters and one son. Within short intervals he lost all but two daughters, one of whom is now married to Count Shandor, a great Hungarian noble, who was in England, and for some time at Melton. The loss of his only son Victor was a severe blow; and when his second daughter Clementine, a beautiful girl, who was painted by Lawrence as Hebe, faded away, his affliction was extreme. He was, however, in time consoled by a charming young wife, who was rather looked down on by the proud noblesse of Vienna, on account of her Jewish origin. Gentle and lovely, she lived but a year, and died, leaving one child, a boy. Soon afterwards, the prince again found comfort in a third choice, Countess Mélanie Zichy, the present princess. She is an

agreeable, handsome woman, and has now three children, the eldest about eight years old.

I found the prince's manner unchanged; the same peculiar calmness still distinguished him. His form is yet erect, but his eye less brilliant; the face had lengthened, the hair was silvered; in short, time had been at work. The expression, the mind were there, but the fire was abated. He embraced Lord L., and kissed my hand.

"Enchanté de vous revoir, miladi, après vingt ans."

"Eighteen," I replied.

"Ah, ce n'était pas la peine de me corriger pour si peu de chose."

In answer to our observation that he was not grown old, he observed,

"Non, on ne change pas, on ne vieillit plus, et je vais vous prouver cela. J'ai fait dernièrement ce raisonnement sur ce chapitre à la Princesse * * *, qui ne veut pas vieillir; c'est là sa manie; car elle est très vieille, et tout en le disant, elle n'en convient pas. 'Tenez,' je lui ai dit, 'vous ne changez pas.' — 'Mais oui.'— 'Eh bien, je vous prouverai

logiquement que non. La vie se compose d'heures; le temps et l'existence sont composés de moments; donc à dix heures prenez votre glace, regardez y; à dix heures et demie, regardez y encore; vous ne trouvez point de changement; encore un quart d'heure, pas de changement;—donc dans quel moment changez vous? dans aucun. Or donc vous ne changez pas.' Il y a 26 ans depuis le congrès: que de changemens! que de monde est mort! Le Roi de Prusse était le seul souverain qui existait; à present il est mort; moi je suis le seul ministre qui existe."

"Nesselrode," interrupted Lord L.

"Non, il n'étoit alors que secrétaire. Beaucoup de monde existait il y a 26 ans; mais il fallait déjà être vieux pour être ministre, ou chef. Et Wellington était le seul général en chef de ce temps là. Et pour les plénipotentiaires, ils sont tous morts aussi. Vous," turning to Lord L., "graces au ciel, vous voilà! le pauvre Castlereagh, que je regretterai toujours—Talleyrand est mort—Cathcart, il est mort."

"Non, il existe toujours," said Lord L.

"Eh bien, dans ce cas là, celuilà n'est pas mort; mais Wrède, Gentz, &c., enfin, tout le monde est mort."

Talking of affairs, he said,

" On revient toujours à la même chose; il n'y a rien de nouveau, et si je voulois le trouver je chercherois dans mes cahiers et mes cartons du passé. Au reste, si l'on veut bien, et qu'on a la ferme détermination de bien vouloir, l'on est comme le centre d'une roue—tout tourne autour de vous, et l'on revient où on en était. Et comment vont les charbons, milord? Bien? Ah, tant mieux; mais ils alloient mal il y a quelque temps; pourquoi est ce qu'ils alloient mal? Les railways et les steamers devroient les faire aller bien."

"C'est une longue histoire," said Lord L., "à expliquer."

" Bien, si elle est longue ne la racontez pas. Qu'est ce que vous faites demain? Voulez vous diner ici à 5 heures?"

We then took our leave, and drove to our new habitation at Maria-Hülf, a charming house most kindly lent us by Prince Esterhazy, and doubly

delightful after four days' residence in a comfortless inn.

The following day was spent in receiving visits, and establishing ourselves in our new abode.

The five o'clock dinners are to me very disagreeable; they entirely cut up and destroy the day, and are extremely inconvenient to persons who like a long morning.

We drove to Prince Metternich's garden, a lovely residence in the town, with all the quiet and charm of the country. The building is large, and has been augmented at different times, and as the prince said, "Mes gens ont une maison, mes enfans ont la leur, et ma femme et moi nous sommes seuls dans celle-ci."

There was a profusion of flowers, and the beds were laid out in the English fashion. The reception-rooms are charming, and being only divided by large sheets of plate-glass, the whole is visible at once; the decorations are beautiful, and in the best possible taste. I particularly admired a fine Malachite vase, and another of jasper, both presents from the Emperor of Russia.

The dinner was, as is usual in Germany, very long; a parterre of flowers rose out of the middle of the table. I sat between Prince Metternich (who led me into dinner) and Prince Jablonowski, a former acquaintance.

Some conversation arose respecting Pasta and David, then at Vienna; and as to good masters, Prince Metternich observed,

"Selon moi, c'est comme la recette pour faire la soupe au lièvre; premièrement il faut attraper votre lièvre; donc premièrement, pour chanter, il faut une belle voix."

Talking of Cerito, he asked me what success she had in London. I said a comparison had been made between her and Taglioni, "et c'est déjà beaucoup," I added.

"Beaucoup trop, selon moi," he said; "mais si elle vole comme cela, on dira d'elle ce que le vieux Vestris disait de son fils: 'Oh, pour lui, il s'ennuie en l'air.'"

Prince Jablonowsky said, "Il disait aussi qu'il ne touchait terre que par procédé pour ses camarades."

Prince Metternich replied,

" Oui, mais ceci est beaucoup plus fort—il s'ennuie en l'air—donc, il n'y a plus d'effort pour lui! On ne peut dépasser cela. Dans l'année 1806," continued the prince, " j'étais ambassadeur à Paris; le lendemain de mon arrivée, je vais au spectacle; on me donne une loge au milieu de la salle, et devant cette loge se trouve un vieillard très grand, poudré, coiffé aile-de-pigeon. Il se lève, se retourne, me salue, et me fait une grand révérence. Je demande ce que cela veut dire, et on me répond que c'est le vieux Vestris, qui fait toujours les honneurs aux ambassadeurs."

Prince Jablonowski said, " J'ai vu danser à la fois, dans la *Dansomanie*, Vestris, son fils, et son petit fils."

After dinner the princess showed us a most interesting collection of pictures. In four years she had filled five large books with the portraits of all the sovereigns, ministers, heroes, and great men, or public characters, of different countries, of the day. As Prince Metternich said,

"Cela à commencé par les connaissances du salon, et puis cela s'est généralisé."

The pictures are well painted, and strikingly like; they are mostly done in Vienna, by an artist named Daffinger; some, however, have been sent out from other countries. This collection will become invaluable in time, as it is unique, for few are in the situation to have the opportunity and power of obtaining these pictures, even if they had the courage or the will to lay such a tax on their friends and acquaintances, by making a request, or rather giving a command, that cannot be disputed.

I was surprised to find the lovely Prater abandoned and deserted. No capital possesses so fine a park; none can boast of a wild forest in the heart of a great city; but because it is not the fashion, no one goes there. The autumn tint was on the leaves, the wind whistled through the long *allées*, and the whole scene was so changed from my remembrances of it in the month of May, when four rows of carriages could hardly move,

and music and dancing were going on on all sides, *cafés* open, and crowds of smart, gay people, that I only went there once. They now flock to Hitzing and Schönbrunn, a short way from the town; and in the evening Strauss's band generally plays there, or in the Volksgarten.

With all their apathy and slowness, the Germans are a very gay, junketing nation, always dressing, dancing, and seeking amusement, and, as a Russian lady said to me,

"C'est le pays des chapeaux; jusqu'à la cuisinière on les a couverts de fleurs." This passion for dress in the women adds to the brightness of the scene.

The inconvenience of walking in Vienna is great, because in the streets, all are confounded together, there are no *trottoirs*, and the carriages frequently drive close to the houses, without any warning or apology, beyond a prolonged and mournful "Oh!"—something between a howl and a scream.

Saturday, Oct. 3.—We started for Pottendorf,

on a visit to Prince Esterhazy. This residence is about thirty miles from Vienna, and prettily situated. The grounds are laid out *à l'Anglaise*, and a piece of water runs through them. A profusion of flowers decorate the balustrades and the various little bridges; the house is old, but has been altered and made very comfortable by the present possessor. It is not very large, only containing about six good lodging-rooms besides the suite we occupied. The party was small; Princess Leopoldine Lichtenstein, sister to Prince Esterhazy, Prince Nicholas his son, Count Szcheny, and ourselves, sat down to dinner at six o'clock.

Next morning, at nine o'clock, we set out in an open carriage and four, followed by a chariot in case of bad weather, to Forchenstein, a curious old fortress belonging to the prince, about twenty-seven miles off. A little river near Pottendorf divides Austria from Hungary. We passed through several villages, that were clean and whitewashed. The houses are placed rather distant from each other, on account of the frequent fires, and the

streets are wide. The appearance of the peasantry was creditable—all comfortably and well clothed, and their manner respectful.

Our road lay through a wild *steppe*, or plain, only inhabited by shepherds tending their flocks. A large portion of the prince's income is derived from the produce of the wool, which, as he said, is like the coals to us coal-owners. He has bought all the adjoining posts and post-horses, and carries on the traffic as the government does. We found our relays in readiness every where, and really the Hungarian driving was so rapid as to be more in the Russian than the Austrian style.

We had already changed horses once, when, on arriving at the foot of the mountain, on the top of which the castle stands, we were met by the people of the village, when small strong horses, belonging to the peasantry, were attached to our carriage, and we commenced the winding ascent. Formerly the steep passage up was performed by oxen, but stout ponies are now considered as equally effective. The rocky heights, the background of the

mountains, and the forests of chestnut trees, are all very picturesque.

As we passed onward, cannons were fired from the old fortress, the echoes repeated the sound, and the effect was like thunder. A military guard saluted us, and we entered this fine old chateau, which, though in perfect preservation, is not habitable. The view from the windows was enchanting; the walls were covered with unframed portraits of all the ancestors of the family.

After walking through the rooms, and examining the pictures (including one, where as some one observed, "L'arbre généalogique de la famille Esterhazy sortait de l'estomac d'Adam"), we descended to some vaults, in one of which are preserved the papers, parchments, swords, horse-trappings, &c., taken from the Turks in various wars.

The third vault, a long low gallery, lined with glazed presses, is filled with a most curious collection of antiquities. There are twenty-six clocks, all of different kinds; some are silver and enamel,

with music and mechanism. There are also numbers of sabres and daggers, studded with turquoises, and some with rubies and emeralds. Among other things I was particularly struck with two large mirrors, in solid frames of old embossed silver. There are besides, medals, coins, strings of old rings, &c. : in short, no description can convey an adequate impression of the variety and richness of this collection. After viewing the chateau, we partook of an excellent luncheon, and returned to Pottendorf.

Next morning, Monday, was very unpropitious for our projected expedition to Esterhäz. The rain came down in torrents; and the princess, having suffered all night from spasms, was too ill to move. The prince, however, insisted on our going, as all the preparations had been made, and the people were in readiness to receive us. He therefore set out *en calèche*, accompanied by his secretary, and Lord L. and I followed in a small chariot.

After four or five hours' shaking, we arrived about two o'clock at Esterhäz, an old palace or

chateau, in the Louis XIV. style. The great grandfather of the prince had been ambassador at Paris during the reign of that monarch, and on his return he determined to build this luxurious and magnificent abode, and make himself independent of Vienna. The woods and alleys are very beautiful, but the situation is low and damp, and, I should fear, unwholesome. A great lake is on one side, and the Raab and Danube flow on the other. The prince's secretary told me that 200,000 acres of the estate required to be drained; and that 50,000 were about to be thus improved. The building is of vast size; and has a great façade, offices, stables, an orangery, and a theatre, where the founder, a singular old man, used to have an Italian opera, Haydn leading the orchestra. Having his own private society, he never invited any one; but the more company came, and the longer they stayed, the better he was pleased. They were lodged and served, and carriages placed at their orders, to drive about in the day, and go to the theatre at night. In order to fill the latter, the peasants were made to attend, instead of being required to work.

An exterior flight of steps leads to the first or principal floor, where are two large and lofty saloons, beautifully painted and magnificently gilt, in the most perfect taste of the age in which the chateau was built. On one side are five or six rooms, which used to be inhabited by Marie Thérèse whenever she paid a visit here, and on the other side a similar apartment for the Emperor Joseph. The gilding, the carving, the paintings, the ornaments, and the old chairs and sofas, are all in the style that is now so much copied, and so universally admired. The *parquets* are all fine. The silk is worn and faded, but very little would make the house habitable and extremely enjoyable.

Below is a curious old hall, where fountains played, and on each side are the apartments of the prince and princess. These rooms, with windows down to the ground, open into an old French garden, and in fine weather must be delightful. They are panelled *en vieux laque*, richly gilt, and fitted up with pea-green silk, embroidered in gold.

I never heard such musical clocks as were placed in every room; and in the prince's apartment is

one with a canary, that sung every night, and this was the usual signal for his highness to go to the theatre.

The accommodation for strangers is abundant, and the rooms are really very comfortable; the whole is in perfect taste, and might easily be made a charming abode. In an old *garde meuble* are some curious things, and a great quantity of the finest old Dresden porcelain. I remained by the drawing-room fire while the prince showed Lord L. his large stud of horses. Monsieur Mayer, the secretary, meanwhile related to me a marvellous but true story of a wild boy having been found in the woods here. He could not speak, was perfectly savage, and ate raw fish. They kept him a year, and tried every means to tame him, but all in vain. He tore off the clothes that were put on him, refused to taste boiled meat, and finally escaped by jumping into the lake, and was never heard of afterwards.

At four o'clock we left Esterhäz, and set out for Siegendorf, the residence of Count Stephan Szcheny, a Hungarian noble. It was arranged that

we should dine here. We had formerly known him intimately, and he had been several times in England, having quite an Anglomania. He used to vow that nothing should ever induce him to marry; but seven years ago he broke his resolution, and was united to a Countess Zichy, to whom he had been long attached. She had five children of her own, and some of her husband's by a former wife, and as they have now two little ones with beautiful eyes, there is a large family party.

The count has built an odd but comfortable house, very much in the English fashion, and fitted it up with various chintzes. The great dining-room was lighted as for a ball; the sideboards were covered with cups, &c., won at the Presburg, Pesth, and Vienna races. There was a great deal of heart and good feeling in the count's manner and reception, and it was evident that extraordinary efforts had been made to arrange every thing for our gratification. I rejoiced, therefore, that the rain had not prevented our day's expedition. I found the count as amusing and agreeable as ever.

We took our leave soon after dinner, and went on to Eisenstadt, where we arrived at about ten o'clock, very tired, and went to bed. This splendid possession is certainly the principal seat, and ought to be the principal residence, of Prince Esterhazy. The house is of immense size; the gardens, drives, pleasure-grounds, stables, *chasse*, &c., are all centred here, and are in the most princely style. This spacious pile of buildings is capable of containing four hundred visiters, and we were shewn a baronial hall where six hundred had dined.

A little carriage waited to take us over the grounds. The gardens are of great extent, and close to the house. The hothouse range is between six and seven hundred feet long; three hundred and eighty large and healthy orange-trees had just been taken in, and, to give an idea of the profusion of plants, in one house there were two hundred and fifty different heaths. The gardener was a German, and spoke a little English; and, after he had shewn us all his department, to my amazement, he mounted a long-tailed, prancing

black charger, and guided us through the grounds. Here and there we admired the beautiful views of Forchenstein and Esterhäz in the distance, surrounded by extensive vineyards. The Marie temple is in the grounds, situated on a commanding eminence; but the Leopoldine temple near the house is more interesting, as it contains an admirable statue of the Princess Leopoldine, executed by Canova, when she was only eighteen. It is graceful and lovely, though unfortunately there are some blemishes in the marble.

Shortly after our return to Vienna, I went one evening to a small party at Princess Metternich's, to hear Thalberg play. The ladies formed a circle round him, and the men stood in a group by themselves. The piano was placed in the middle of the room; and, after the performer, who seemed a gentlemanlike, shy young man, had been presented to me, the music began. He played three pieces; the last and most admired was the prayer in Rossini's "Mosé in Egitto," with extremely difficult variations. Prince Metternich said he pre-

ferred Thalberg to Lizst, though the latter did things that were more astounding.

"Il fait," said the prince, "des impossibilités, et il est romanesque ; tandis que Thalberg est toujours classique."

The princess's dress was singular, but very pretty. Her gown was black, and a Turkish shawl of black and gold was folded round her; on her neck immense emerald drops fell from a slender line of diamonds, and a flat Persian cap of gold and embroidery lay on one side of her head, while an enormous tassel of floss silk that hung from it served her as a plaything during the evening.

CHAPTER III.

Departure from Vienna — Embark on the Danube — The captain — A character — Travelling companions — Emir Pacha — A German Baron—A Turkish doctor—A French milliner — Banks of the Danube—Presburg—Pesth—Buda — Suspension-bridge—Hungarian peasantry—Mohacs—Semlin — Belgrade — Drencova —Scenery of the Danube—Singular grotto—The Zingari—Fine road to Orsova—Wallachian village — Custom-House annoyances — Troubles of steaming — Carpathian mountains — Rutschûk—Aground—Giurgivo—Crossing the Balkan—Silistria—Braila—Galatz—Wallachian hospitality—A Wallachian ball — Zingari—Ferdinand steamer—Arrival at Constantinople.

CHAPTER III.

As the time drew near for our departure from Vienna, I became very sad. We had spent nearly a month there, and had been treated with the greatest kindness; and, although there was neither gaiety, grandeur, nor excitement, there was an absence of all worry and constraint; and we enjoyed so agreeable an existence, that, but for the remembrance that kind friends expected us elsewhere, I think our journey to Constantinople would have been given up, or at least delayed till the spring. Our fate, however, was sealed, the die cast, and the break-up of the party commenced by our son Seaham's going off, *en courrier*, to England, with a messenger who arrived suddenly from Constantinople on the 13th, and was again

despatched on the night of the 14th. The remaining children moved to the apartments we had taken for them at the "Stadt London," a clean, quiet inn near the ramparts; and next day, at two o'clock, we embarked on board the Galatea, a small steamer that had arrived in consequence of the Danube being too low to admit of the regular one making the voyage.

The place of embarkation is a pretty wild spot at the end of the Prater. Owing to the change of the boat, the company sent our carriage by land—rather an inconvenient arrangement, and a bad beginning for our expedition. The vessel was long and narrow. On each side we found a small deck-cabin arranged to receive us; below was a ladies' cabin and a good saloon. The captain, an Italian, spoke all languages, German, French, English, &c.; he was tall and handsome, and an extremely agreeable, gentlemanlike, well-informed man.

The only persons of our acquaintance on board were Mr. Napier, a young Englishman, and Emir Pacha, a Turk, who was returning to his own

country, after spending five years in England, and some time at Cambridge. He was presented to us by the Turkish minister, who bade him farewell in the most affectionate manner, taking his head between his hands as one would a child's, and kissing both sides of his face. There was also Baron Taubenheim, a Wurttemberg officer, going to Syria to buy horses for his sovereign; an Austrian colonel; a Turkish doctor, who spoke all languages; an old Countess de Maltzahn, mother to Countess Königsmarck, the wife of the Prussian minister at Constantinople; and many others whom I knew not even by name. Among the motley crowd was a French milliner, carrying Paris fashions to the east, and a Vienna lady going to marry the Austrian consul at Galätz.

The weather was most unpropitious, and torrents of rain fell unceasingly. The banks of the Danube were for the most part flat and desolate. We passed a picturesque ruin on a height, and arrived about five o'clock at Presburg, where there is a bridge of boats, and an old square castle on a hill. All the passengers hastened on shore, leaving

us in quiet possession of the vessel, for we declined landing, although we were told that there was an opera, "La Sonnambula," and a great *fête* going on. Our dinner was rather a scramble, and we soon after retired to rest. My berth was so high I had some difficulty in getting in, and when there, in avoiding breaking my head.

At five o'clock next morning, guns were fired to summon the passengers on board, and we once more got under weigh; and at about ten o'clock we arrived at the station where the carriage waited, and the captain had it immediately shipped, when, to our surprise and indignation, we found the locks had been broken and the things examined. This appeared to us a most unjustifiable act, and peculiarly so, from the circumstance that it was in no way our fault that the carriage was sent by land, as it would have been more convenient to have had it with us, in which case there would have been no attempt to examine any thing.

The day was even worse than the preceding, and we were annoyed with an unceasing deluge. We dined at six o'clock, and arrived at Pesth about

seven. On landing we were conducted to a large, clean inn, called the Queen of England. The rooms were good, but I never was in a more noisy place. Here we remained a day.

Pesth, the capital of Hungary, is a large old town on one side of the Danube; Buda or Ofen being situated on the other. The latter has rather a desolate aspect; a large old castle stands on a height, and there is a background of mountains. A suspension-bridge is constructing between the two cities, the engineer being the same who built the one at Hammersmith. This, when finished, will be of indescribable advantage, for at present the only means of communication for the people is by boats.

The streets of Pesth are large and wide, but unpaved; this evil, however, seems in some places in the act of being remedied: indeed Pesth appears altogether to be an improving city. I observed many large houses building. The steam-navigation of the Danube has greatly increased the commerce, by affording the inhabitants means of exporting their corn, wines, and other merchandize.

The costume of the Hungarian peasantry is sin-

gular. The long hair, large flap hat, and the folding pelisse lined with sheepskin, strongly reminded me of Russia, and the little horses are harnessed abreast, as in that country. One long line of shops appears to be their Bond Street; and here, as in Vienna, the signs are very appropriate, and tastefully painted. A watchmaker had decorated his shop by a large figure of Time, with an hour-glass. Near windows filled with velvet caps, embroidered in gold, hangs a full-length picture of a smart hussar, his charger richly caparisoned. A milliner is distinguished by a brilliant picture of the Empress, or some archduchess, in full dress. These signs, which are particularly well painted, and very superior to any I ever saw elsewhere, give gaiety and splendour to the scene. The day was clear and fine, but the cold was so intense that I was soon obliged to come in-doors. I regretted not seeing the opposite city, but our stay being so short, it was impossible. The Hungarians are very proud of their Casino, or reading-rooms, which have been lately built on the plan, as they say, of an English club.

Sunday, the 18th, at six o'clock in the morning, we left Pesth, and embarked in the Zryny steamer, of eighty-horse power, so called after the famous Austrian general who fought against the Turks. The captain, an Italian, gave me up his cabin, a small one on deck, and I went to bed for some hours. The continual trembling and shaking of the vessel prevent the possibility of writing, and the whole existence on board a steamer is so wearisome and monotonous, that it creates a listless feeling of unwillingness to exert oneself.

The weather was fine, and we discussed the project of leaving the boat at Rustschûk, and travelling by land to Constantinople, passing through Schumla and Adrianople. Some said it was feasible on horseback, as the couriers took that route, and the distance was not above three hundred miles; but all agreed that for a lady to cross the Balkan in a carriage would be difficult, if not impossible.

The days being short, and there being no moon, we were obliged to anchor for that night at Mohacs; and next morning, Monday, a heavy fall of rain began, and continued all day. We started on Tues-

day with the earliest dawn, but the thick mists and adverse winds delayed us greatly. We met the packet coming from Constantinople, and stopped; the two vessels remaining about half an hour alongside for the interchange of letters, merchandize, &c. This was the only event of a long, dreary, cold, wet day, until we anchored at Neusatz, a wretched place, where no one was even inclined to go ashore.

The objections to the deck-cabins, which counterbalance their merits of light and air, are their extreme cold, and the impossibility of keeping them dry. The wet poured in from the deck, and, though tarpaulins were nailed over the top, yet, despite every effort, the cold was intense and the damp extreme.

Next day, Wednesday, at about twelve o'clock, we arrived at Semlin, and remained two hours while the passports were *visés*. This town is on the Austrian side of the frontier, and opposite to Belgrade, a Turkish fortress. Shortly after we had left the town, which still remained in sight, we unfortunately ran upon a sandbank, and were

delayed there for two hours, and no sooner was the vessel got off than we floundered on another, and much time was lost before the steamer was fairly in the right channel of the river. We were considerably annoyed by this delay, and by the rain, which continued for three days without a moment's intermission. Every thing was completely soaked, and, darkness coming on, we were obliged to anchor for the night.

Next day, at two o'clock, after passing an old Turkish fortress called Semandria, we came to Drencova, where the boat ought to have arrived eighteen hours sooner. We had imagined there would here have been an inn and a town, and, at least for one night, the means of getting rest on shore, and a temporary escape from our cold, damp habitation on the Danube; but all these hopes were blighted on seeing this deplorable place. A swamp, on which stood a church, a barn, and two or three small huts, was all this station boasted; and to reach this in a deluge of rain, and knee-deep in mud, was not an inviting prospect. We therefore decided on remaining on board till next morning,

when we were to embark for Orsova, a passage which can only be effected in boats, and requires daylight.

Thursday, 22. — At an early hour, exactly a week after our departure from Vienna, the boats were rowed alongside the Zryny. A large one was filled with luggage, carriages, and merchandize; a second took twenty-five passengers; and lastly, one was reserved for us and our servants. The rain, as usual, fell incessantly. The boat had ten oars that were unequally used, and changed according to the steersman's direction. There was also a sail when the wind was favourable, but sometimes it was entirely withdrawn, and at others the men rested on their oars, and we floated down the current. A small cabin, like a covered barge, sheltered us from the pitiless rain.

The scenery on each side the Danube is very grand, much more so than that of the Rhine; still there is a sameness in this succession of craggy heights, and the eye wearies of the feathered rocks, wild and picturesque as they are, clad in autumnal colours. For miles and miles the same

scenery continues, and hardly a hut or the appearance of a habitation breaks the solitude of these shores. The woods are full of wild boars, bears, and stags.

We passed a grotto or cave, said to be large enough to contain thirty thousand persons, and the captain pointed out to us Trajan's table, a slab of marble with a Latin inscription. The old Roman road runs along the cliff that bounds the river side. We did not, however, land from our boats.

This extremely capricious river winds along, sometimes becoming very narrow, at others swelling into wide channels, and ever rushing like an angry torrent. The boatmen were, in appearance, hardly human, so savage were their looks and attire, the latter consisting of black or white sheepskin wrapped round their persons, with caps of the same material. The captain, a gentlemanlike, intelligent man, told me that, when the steam-navigation first commenced, these poor people were in a state of absolute barbarism. One of them had his fingers covered with strange rings he had obtained from the Zingari, or gipsies, who abound in Wallachia.

He sold me one, and seemed enchanted with his bargain.

The Hungarian flag floated at our stern, and I was struck with its peculiarity. It is the prettiest I ever saw, (although it be a tricolour,) green, red, and white. Our captain's cloak was of the last colour, with the collar and cuffs of the two former mixed.

A magnificent road has been made from Drencova to Orsova, and finished in a solid and perfect manner, with a wall along the edge of the river. The Austrian company deserve great credit for the efforts they have made, as far as they go; the undertaking is gigantic, but as yet in its infancy; much remains to be done; still, by energetic perseverance, it must ultimately succeed, and repay them; and the commercial advantages to the country, as well as the benefit it will be to the civilization of the people, are all too apparent to require a comment.

At one o'clock we reached Orsova, which is on the Wallachian side of the Danube, and has no communication with the opposite or Turkish shore.

We were met by the agent of the company, who conducted us to a house where three or four little rooms were reserved for us, while the rest of the party repaired to some wretched inn. Quarantine is performed here, on returning from Constantinople, and there is a large Lazzaretto about a mile from the town. On an island opposite is a Turkish fortress.

I walked down to the waterside, and witnessed a curious scene. A small place is railed in, where the Turks are permitted to land, and buy or sell, but they are not suffered to pass the enclosure, and even their money is passed over in water, with a view of arresting any infection of plague or fever. This scene had a strange aspect, interesting however from its novelty.

The weather at length relented and changed; the rain ceased, the sun came out, and all once more looked bright. The influence of weather on the spirits is admitted by all, old and young, and under all circumstances; but nowhere do rain and gloom dispirit and oppress as on board ship, and, above all, in a steam-vessel.

After our week's imprisonment, inhaling the baneful damp and poisonous mists of the Danube, we were delighted to find ourselves in a hût on land. For the first time in my life, I enjoyed a stove, which I in general dislike, finding that the extreme heat it throws out always causes headache.

Next morning we left Orsova, and had a long walk to the shore, and of course were conducted by the most circuitous road. I often think Germans have a pleasure in doing what is provoking, and, having succeeded, they relapse into their original apathy, and sit puffing the smoke of their pipes into your face.

The remainder of the party having rebelled at the wretched accommodation of the inn, where only two rooms could be procured, one for all the ladies, the other for the gentlemen, were conducted by the Austrian colonel to the house of the company's agent, and were there well lodged.

I have not yet described this officer, against whom, from the first instant, I felt prejudiced. It is always difficult to account for one's antipathies, though I believe they rarely occur without some

cause. The ostensible motive of his journey to Constantinople was to instruct the Turks in the art of war. He was a shrewd, sharp, coarse, vulgar, ugly man, speaking all languages, seeing and hearing every thing, with his pipe always in his mouth, and he appeared to have the talent of being everywhere at once.

The miserable village of Orsova will probably rise to importance in future years. The baths of Mehadia are near, and the quarantine, added to its being a station where there must be a halt, will induce people to build and settle; indeed, a good many houses are already commenced. At present, however, it is dismal enough, and nothing can be worse managed than the whole matter. Arriving as we did at one o'clock on Thursday, we might have re-embarked immediately, or proceeded by land, but for the foolish and absurd arrangements which require that the boatmen or *conducteurs* going to Skela Gladova, a distance of two hours, should return to Orsova before sunset. A day is thus lost, and all the quarantine, however useful (if properly enforced), is now a complete farce and

absurdity; so much communication unavoidably occurs, that it would be mere delusion to imagine there would be any safety if there were real infection.

Monsieur Tomisch, the agent, a very pompous person, was not there, but another person attended, and saw the passengers and luggage deposited in three boats as before, with this difference, that they were smaller, more grotesque and barbarous, than the former ones. A place with seats, in the middle of each boat, is covered at the top, but open on all sides. Four oars are used at one end, and two at the other. A strange, half-clothed savage squatted at the stern, and steered with a pole. A dirty, heavy, important old German sat at the other end, with an enormous pipe hooked on to his teeth, in the approved Vienna fashion, a place for a wire being bored or filed in the lower teeth. Thus these amateurs are enabled to pursue their favourite occupation, even while eating or talking.

This personage pretended to guide and direct every thing; but as he declared that the moon was at its full that day, the 23d, when the alma-

nack announced a new one for the 25th, it was evident that his ignorance was on a par with his self-importance.

After passing the Turkish fort on a little island called Old Orsova, where for the first time we beheld the red flag with the crescent, the river became like the troubled ocean, a kind of boiling caldron of small broken waves—an angry, growling, short sea; and this was denominated *la porte de fer*, or *de l'Enfer*. The stream seemed landlocked, owing to its windings, and the high, wooded mountains that closed around. But with all my love of the marvellous, (especially when I tell the tale myself,) I own the reality was nothing to what I had anticipated from Mr. Slade's account, and I have often been more alarmed in a small boat on a rough sea. Safety, however, certainly depends on skilful steering, for the slightest touch of the rocks would upset the boat, and then the best swimmer could have no chance of escape, so strong is the current among these rapids.

We passed a Wallachian village, if a few miserable huts can be so called, for such barbarous

and squalid misery I never beheld. The scenery changed, and the banks of the river became flat. A large magazine of wood, and a great fishery, were pointed out. Sturgeon is caught in the Danube, also the *sterling*, which is much esteemed. The Wallachians shoot the bears, boars, and wolves, with which the woods abound, but the Servians never attempt to destroy them.

At the end of two hours, Skela Gladova was in sight. On the swampy shore were a barn and a hut, and close at hand lay the Pannonia, a wretched little steamer, of thirty-six horse power. She saluted, the colours were hoisted, and I wished to embark directly from the boats, but, as usual, these obstinate people would manage in their own way, and that of course was the most disagreeable and inconvenient. They therefore deposited us and our luggage on shore, on a piece of neutral ground; the boxes, trunks, &c. were then picked up and carried into the steamer, by a tribe of wild-looking barbarians, consisting of Wallachs, Servians, and Turks; and the captain, an Italian, was conducting me on board, when he chanced to

look round, and seeing the other passengers, and, farther behind, the luggage-boat with the carriages, he exclaimed,

"Ah, per Dio, è troppo!"

The agent at Orsova not having informed him of what was coming, he had already four carriages on board; there was no room left for another, and none could be unshipped without unloading all the merchandize, which was piled up to half the height of the engine. In this dilemma he ordered a large boat to be attached, in which our carriage was placed, and also a tilbury from England, going out for Achmet Pacha.

By this time all the passengers had arrived, and among the rest the Turkish doctor, carrying a box of pineapples for the sultan's sister, who was a bride. He said he watched the case like the apple of his eye. Emir Pacha also appeared with his usual *sang froid*, never seeming hurried, or discomposed.

And now how shall I describe the Pannonia steamer? In what words can I convey an idea of all its horrors? It was very small, old, and ill

contrived, and blacker than any collier. Years had not seen the decks washed but by the rain, and the uneven boards were ancle-deep in mud and filth. Cinders fell on all sides; heaps of coals, piles of luggage, and pyramids of merchandize, stuffed up every corner of the deck, where there was not a pathway for a dog to thread his way. This wretched little vessel had been twenty years on the station, and apparently all that time collecting its deposit of dirt. There is, however, a point of dirtiness which nothing can pass, and this, I think the Pannonia must have reached, for never was such a place seen, and I doubt if any abode destined for pigs could be worse.

The answer to all complaints and remonstrances as to the discomfort of the navigation is, that the enterprise is yet in its infancy. But really, after enduring all the miseries of damp, dirt, delay, confinement, and mismanagement, this was a trial not to be patiently endured; and be it remembered that I, who describe the state of the Pannonia, never saw its lower regions, which I am told surpassed in abominations all the rest. Here

forty passengers were stowed in a place where twelve would have been badly off. Jews, Turks, and Christians were packed into the cabins, or rather holes, like herrings in a barrel. Cigars, with their attendant nuisances, were not wanting; bugs, fleas, and vermin abounded; in short, the horrors of this abode defy all description.

Necessary evils must be borne; but much of these might be avoided. Covered boats might be had, for crossing the rapids; a fine iron steamer, of one hundred horse-power, drawing little water, should be established, for the Danube is deep enough to admit of one. Passengers should be properly accommodated, and the merchandize sent by different vessels. These discomforts are principally owing to mismanagement and mistaken economy.

On arriving on board the Pannonia, I asked to be shown my cabin.

"Mais, madame, il n'y en a pas, mais je me ferai un plaisir de vous céder le mien."

I said that a private one had been bespoken and paid for three weeks before, at Vienna, and

therefore I must have one; upon which I was shown a den, full of the dirty captain's dirtier things. It was on deck, over the paddle-box, and close to the engine, and was more like a wooden box or dog-kennel than any thing else; the only difference a well-bred English mastiff would have found between it and his home was, that it was much more filthy, and perhaps a little larger. A similar hole, appertaining to the engineer, was yielded to Lord L., and here we were expected to pass five days.

Our sufferings, however, were not yet complete. The beautiful day gave us hopes that the weather would settle favourably for us, and a bright sun and blue sky afforded us courage to bear a great deal. We had not, however, passed twelve hours in our new abode when the deluge recommenced; torrents of rain fell, and soaked every thing; our only consolation, as the water poured into my wretched cabin, was the hope that it might drown the fleas; but even of this comfort we were deprived by the dirty Wallachs, who, in mopping up the rain, probably brought in more.

We passed by the Carpathian mountains, covered with snow, and next day, Saturday, 24th, we were buoyed up in the tedious hours which were dragged through, by the hope of finding ourselves at Rutschûk early. But we were doomed to be disappointed. We anchored at sunset, owing to the captain's fears of sand-banks, and all retired to rest, in anxious expectation of the morrow.

I spent a miserable night; the cold and thick fog seemed to penetrate my wretched abode, and I felt as if I inhaled fever and imbibed poison; mental anxiety mingling with bodily suffering.

Next morning we found ourselves, as the Turkish doctor termed it, "assis sur un banc de sable." After three or four hours spent in knocking, thumping, casting out, and weighing anchors, we were for a moment clear, but the next moment we floundered again. The last "fix" was worse than the first, and it was one o'clock before we were fairly off, and the vessel went ahead. Certainly fortune frowned upon this expedition. Had we sailed by the preceding, or

waited for the next steamer, we should have had the moon, an invaluable assistance at all times, and here more than anywhere. Our vessel also kept the Wallachian shore, while the other side, which is taken in the alternate voyages, would have been more interesting, and, in our case, more convenient. The dreadful weather also multiplied all our ills.

I find in that useful handbook of Murray's, which, as far as my experience and observation go, is usually correct, that two or three days ought to suffice for the passage to Galatz in summer, and four in winter. We, alas, came on board the Pannonia on Friday the 23rd, and not till Monday the 26th did we reach Rutschûk, which is but half the distance. I must correct myself, for the steamer did not stop there, it being on the Servian side, but at Giurgivo, opposite, on the Wallachian coast.

This place is only seven hours from Bucharest, the capital of the province, which is governed by the Hospodar, or hereditary Prince, appointed by the Porte. Jassy is the capital of Moldavia.

These provinces were formerly tributary to the Sultan, but since the war they are nominally protected by Russia, a significant term, importing that they will soon belong to her.

At length we arrived at Giurgivo, and our miserable little steamer fired her cannon with as much pretension as if she had been a seventy-four gun ship. It was rather absurd in this wretched habitation to see the display of the flags of England and Turkey, and all this mockery of national colours. A more dismal place than Giurgivo cannot well be imagined. From the ceaseless torrents of rain the whole place was a swamp, and two open barns for merchandize were the only buildings in sight.

The agent for the company, M. Stunde, was in attendance, and we found him a very obliging, intelligent man. We gave him our letters, unfolded our plans, and told him of our project of crossing the Balkan. This he at once discountenanced, saying it was impracticable for a lady. He informed us that there were neither roads nor houses, but small huts, "où le père, la mère, les

enfants, et les bestiaux" lived together, and where no traveller could sleep; that neither meat, bread, nor any thing but eggs, were to be got; that all which could form a caravan must be taken with us, and that the loss of time and the expense were incalculable. Finally, he said that "un milord Anglais" had performed the journey in summer, and spent eight weeks on the roads, for that the horses were "de mauvais petits animaux, grands comme des chiens, mourants sur la route."

We then asked if we could reach Varna by land, and be picked up by the steamer there, as she passed to Constantinople. This he assured us was equally difficult, if not impossible, to accomplish in the time, and we were therefore compelled to abide our fate in the Pannonia. The agent very civilly offered us two rooms in his house; and, too happy to be warm and dry on shore for a few hours, we accepted his hospitality. A wretched carriage, with two little wild horses, and driven by a savage-looking being, conveyed us rapidly over the three miles to the village. There was no road, no cultivation: on all sides we beheld utter

waste and misery; thistles were the sole crop, and human bones lay unburied.

On arriving, we took possession of our little rooms and a small kitchen, and, having brought every thing with us, prepared for our supper and a night's rest. I cannot say we were comfortable; bugs and fleas abounded, the smoke was suffocating, and the heat of the stoves intense. Still it was comparative luxury to be out of the confinement and damp of the Pannonia.

Next morning we were obliged to be up at five, and make all haste to return on board again, the Austrian colonel having declared that, if the passengers were not ready at six, the vessel must proceed without them. This would not have had the effect of hurrying me, for I knew that he dared not, even if he had the power, put his threat into execution; but, first, we were unwilling to make anybody wait; and, secondly, we were ourselves most anxious to get on, and avoid further delay.

Baron Taubenheim left us to proceed on horses, with his three young companions, of whom one

was a doctor and poet, another a naturalist, and the third a painter, who had already done some clever sketches and likenesses of the passengers. They persuaded Mr. Napier, an Englishman going to Constantinople, to accompany them, and were to be guided by circumstances, whether they should cross the Balkan, or meet us again at Varna, by another line. The French milliner was also left here, to proceed to Bucharest with her fashions. Much of the merchandize was also left; the second boat was cast off, our carriage placed on deck, and thus, being lighter, we advanced with greater rapidity.

The river here is about three miles wide, and, on account of the strong current, two hours and a half are required to cross it. I found the lady who was going to Galatz to marry the consul had, by some mistake, unfortunately left her cases and bridal attire at Drencova. She and her brother, a gentlemanlike young hussar, were not to be consoled for this misfortune.

We passed by Silistria, the capital of Bulgaria. The sun set in a fiery sky, but still the evening was

lovely. At ten o'clock, however, our hopes were again blighted, for the rain recommenced more violently than ever; it inundated the whole deck, and poured into my cabin. After all the prophecies of fine weather, all the calculations by the moon, all the captain's assurances that the air was "*purificato*," we really were in despair, for there seemed every prospect of a gale. The river was like a rough sea, the wind high, and right in our teeth.

After a night of suffering, when, at length,

> Day broke dreary on my troubled view,

a more dismal scene was never beheld. The poor pacha sent a humble prayer to me for eau-de-cologne and perfume to relieve his headache. He looked pale as ashes, and I gave him also aromatic salts, for which he was most grateful. The old invalid lady begged for snuff and physic; and having administered to their various wants, I passed the day, as I best could, in reading and complaining, till we reached Braila at one o'clock.

It was dark, but we could perceive that it

seemed a wretched spot; and, like all these halting places, consisted of merely a barn or two, built on a swamp. Here we left a considerable quantity of merchandize, and another hour brought us to Galatz, where the steamer from Constantinople had not arrived. The Austrian consul, a very smart young man, immediately rushed on board to meet his bride. The river was so low that the vessel could not approach the shore; but a rough bridge was soon constructed by the Wallachs, and the only difficulty now seemed to be how to find a lodging. This was pronounced impossible. The governor of the town sent word that a house should be found next day; but, all impatient as we were to escape from the steamer, in which we had now been confined six days, this appeared too long to wait. The English vice-consul, Mr. Cunningham, offered us two rooms, but as they were full of sick people, we declined them. The inn was only such by name, being nothing more than a hut. The Austrian consul most kindly placed his house at our disposition; but, knowing his situation, we were unwilling to accept his offer, although he pressed

us, saying, "Ma fiancée ne peut pas être chez moi, parceque nous ne sommes pas encore mariés."

The only person who could have lodged us, would not—namely, the agent of the Austrian company, a sulky, ill-conditioned old man, with a fox-like expression of countenance. He had a good house, but excused himself on the plea that his family was absent. On seeing Prince Metternich's order, however, he with a bad grace submitted, and consented to give us three rooms, on condition that we should bring every thing, and call on him for nothing.

While these negociations went on, a very civil message arrived from the major in command of the regiment quartered at Galatz, begging us to come to his house. Accordingly, we got into a primitive sort of vehicle, and were driven with great rapidity in the dark, up hill and down dale, over uneven ground; and, after twenty minutes' shaking, we arrived at our destination, and were conducted up a ladder, by a young man in a fine uniform. Here we were received, and shown the two rooms destined for us, by a very handsome and distin-

guished-looking woman, the major's wife. She told me she was an Italian, but that her mother was a German; that she had relations in every part of the world, a sister in America, cousins at Paris, and a brother at Vienna; that she was here eight months "en garnison," but that she and her husband generally resided at Jassy, the capital. She begged me to make myself perfectly at home, assuring me she was quite accustomed to receive strangers, for, as there were no inns, she always offered hospitality. She then left us, desiring us to ask for whatever we wanted.

Soon afterwards, a Moldavian woman came in and burned perfumes. Her dress was poor, but national and becoming. A handkerchief was tied round her head like a turban, but knotted in front; long hanging plaits fell upon her shoulders; and she wore a *catzaveka*, or jacket, with loose sleeves lined with fur. I found I was never to be left alone for five minutes, for this woman and a Wallachian boy only went out to return. I could not fasten the door, and at last these perpetual invasions became very troublesome; and particularly next morn-

ing, while I lay writing in bed, a child of six years old walked in. I waited to see what the little creature wanted, for all the other visits had been under the pretence of fetching something out of the various drawers; but when at length the child seated itself, and there remained staring at me, this was not to be borne, and I was obliged to send a petition to the lady of the house, praying her to order that I might be left to myself.

Thursday and Friday were spent in anxiously watching for the arrival of the steamer, which was so unaccountably delayed. We talked over the land journey, but found little encouragement to undertake it, the loss of time and the difficulties attending it rendering it almost impossible.

A ball was given for us, under the governor's direction, by Monsieur Negrepont, a rich merchant. The most curious thing was the band of music that played alternately with the military band. It was composed of Zingari, or gipsies, and, considering the grotesque instruments they used, and that they never had learnt a note of music, I was surprised

at hearing how well they played a *mazourka*, which was danced with great spirit.

On Saturday morning, to our great joy, the steamer appeared. She went on to Braila, to leave and take in merchandize, and returned on Sunday, November 1st, and we were requested to be on board that night, in order to sail early next morning. A more wretched spot than Galatz can hardly be imagined. Not a street is paved, the whole place is a swamp filled with ruts, and the people are, apparently, absolute barbarians. The old town consists of mere mud huts, and a large plain or encampment, covered with little carts laden with corn, and drawn by oxen. But the trade and commerce are increasing, and a new town is rising on a height, where the consuls have their houses. Even this, however, is very miserable, and it will be long ere this place can wear a habitable or civilized appearance.

The steamer on arriving is put into quarantine, and no one is permitted to return after having once been on board. We sent all our baggage in the

afternoon, and at eight o'clock went down to the shore, accompanied by our host and hostess. The military band and guards with torches accompanied us, forming a strange and picturesque scene. On stepping out of the carriage, the barriers opened and let us through, closing against the rest of the party.

Here I found the captain of the Ferdinand steamer, who begged to escort me to my cabin, which, this time, was below, and really very clean—comfortable would be too strong a term; the bad smell and want of air being always severely felt. However, I composed myself for the night, and slept soundly till six o'clock next morning, when cannon were fired, announcing our departure. I never went on deck, nor, indeed, left my cabin, expecting we should put to sea about three or four o'clock. We were, however, above ten hours in reaching the Sulinoh point, or mouth of the Danube; and, after some delay, a pilot was found, who declared it was impossible to cross the bar, as the sea was running mountains high, and the wind right in our teeth.

The Russians have contrived to establish themselves here; and the commandant came on board and gave a deplorable account of the place, as a most unwholesome swamp. He said a great number of vessels had been some days detained in consequence of the bad weather, and that all those that had tried to cross had returned. This intelligence was most discouraging, and we went to bed, feeling very sad while we reflected on the cheerless prospect before us.

Next morning at six o'clock the captain determined to make the attempt to cross the bar; and it was attended with success, but not till a violent crash had alarmed us all, and on inquiring we found one of the paddle-boxes had been carried away by a sailing vessel. Once out, we were favoured with a fair wind and a calm sea; and, having persuaded the captain not to go to Varna or to Kustandje, where the plague had broken out, we steered for Constantinople, and entered the Bosphorus about two o'clock on Wednesday, three weeks after our departure from Vienna: a most trying time, and certainly not a journey that I should like to repeat.

But we forgot all our troubles on arriving at our destination, and every one hastened on deck, eager to view a scene they had suffered so much trouble and inconvenience to reach. The day was clear and fine, though bleak and cold. The scenery is very beautiful, but the *coup d'œil* I own disappointed me. We stopped opposite Tarapia, and waited in the first instance for the quarantine boat, which, after giving us pratique and pulling off, returned to inquire whence we came. We next waited for Count Königswert's boat, which came alongside, hoisting the white flag and black eagle of Prussia. In this the poor old baroness was placed, with her maid and her "trunks;" and we proceeded to Constantinople, where, finding our friends with their yachts anxiously expecting us, we were delighted to escape from the imprisonment of the Ferdinand steamer, and go and dine on board the Dream, leaving our servants and baggage to get settled in a house taken for us by the banker, at the top of a hill in Pera.

CHAPTER IV.

First impressions of Constantinople—Golden Horn—Seraglio Point—Galata—Inconveniences of Constantinople—Pera—Tophana—Bazaar—Various costumes—Arabás—The Hyde Park of Constantinople—Female costumes—Visit to the interior of a harem—Reschid Pacha—His wives and family—Madame Franchini—Turkish women—Singular scene—Female buffoon—Harem of the Seraskier—A beautiful Odalisque—Tomb of Sultan Mahmoud—Hippodrome—A Turkish dinner—Circassian slaves—The favourite slave—Children—Turkish cookery—A Greek lady—After dinner ceremonies—Turkish singing—Greek slaves—Tarapia—Sea of Marmora—The Sweet Waters—Buyûkdéré—The Sultan's Valley—Extraordinary tree—Arms' bazaar—Scutari.

CHAPTER IV.

Constantinople, Nov. 4.—Our arrival at the City of the Sultan, the Queen of the East, imperial Stamboul, was, unfortunately, on a cold bleak day, with a north-east wind, which always gives a dreary colouring to the scene around. No place is more dependent on fine weather than Constantinople. It requires sunshine to beautify and light it up. We came, too, with overwrought expectations. After reading Miss Pardoe's descriptions, and gazing on the lovely prints and drawings of Constantinople, "on se fait un beau idéal," that can hardly be realised, for in truth one is taught to expect a fairy land.

To begin, the mountains are mere hills, and their appearance is neither grand nor sublime. The wretched wood and whitewashed brick buildings

are without proportion, symmetry, or regular architecture, at least, not what we are accustomed to consider as such—and when examined in detail are quite unworthy of notice. I expected to find the rich variety of form and colour which is to be seen in the domes and cupolas of Moscow; but here was neither gilding nor variegated hue; the buildings were one glaring mass of whitewash. Still the scene, as a whole, is undeniably beautiful; the enormous size, the prodigious masses of buildings, strike the stranger, who asks if it be not the largest city in the world, forgetting what London or Paris would be if taken in at one view, and presented before his eyes like a panorama.

The Golden Horn is a kind of bay, surrounded by hills, which are covered with buildings, domes, and minarets, down to the water's edge. The Seraglio Point, the dark tall cypresses, the delicious colouring of an eastern sky, with the stir and gaiety of vessels of all sorts, steamers, traders, yachts, and myriads of graceful little caïques, all these, on a bright sunny day, form a scene beyond description enchanting.

All Christians are denominated Franks, and none are allowed to reside in Constantinople; their principal residence is Pera, which is connected with Galata, and on the opposite side. It is therefore necessary to descend the hill, and cross the water, and make a circuitous journey to arrive at Constantinople, where the bazaar, mosques, &c., are situated.

The Austrian ambassador, Baron de Stürmer, lives at Pera, in a charming house, with a beautiful garden, commanding a fine view of the Bosphorus; but the approach is down a long, narrow, craggy lane, where scarcely carriage or horse can go, and I could only reach it on foot, or in the evening, when the baroness kindly sent me her sedan-chair, porters, &c. A fine palace is building for the Russian ambassador, so large and magnificent that ill-natured people pretend it is to be the residence of the emperor, when, in future time, he shall take possession of Constantinople. Here also the English government should build a palace to replace the one that was burnt; but Lord Ponsonby prefers residing at Tarapia, that he may remain secluded and undisturbed. This arrangement is particularly

inconvenient to all who may have to transact business at the embassy.

One of the greatest drawbacks to a residence here, is the difficulty of getting about; in fact, it almost amounts to an impossibility: the narrow streets and steep, stony ascents are not calculated for any English carriage, and the jolting threatens dislocation of the bones. The carriages of the country are wretched vehicles, light enough to be lifted out of the way when necessary. I tried an *arabá*, a sort of covered carriage, open at the sides, with curtains and a mattress, but without steps or springs. Into this you climb, and lie down, but I found it perfectly intolerable. It is, however, the sole vehicle used by the ladies, and sometimes four or five pack in, while occasionally an indolent beauty reclines in solitude.

After the terrible descent from Pera to Tophana quay, from whence you cross the Golden Horn and land at Constantinople, a high hill is to be ascended, and for this purpose horses must be found. All this, however, requires time; an English side-saddle must be procured, as well as guards, or

kewasses, armed with pistols and swords, whose business it is to clear the way, and keep off the crowd; an interpreter is likewise indispensable. There is a large tribe of vagabonds who fulfil the latter office, and speak a little bad Italian and worse French. The strange, uncouth figures, and the varied costumes around, occupy the attention until the bazaar is reached, where a new and interesting scene awaits the traveller.

The bazaar is of vast extent, and like a covered town, but there is no display, except in the alley for slippers, &c. Here a long range of embroidery and gay colours extends on each side, but the rest is dull and sombre. Then the dirt and the want of air and light, and the terrible pavement (if the uneven stones deserve the name), render walking painful, and riding dangerous. The furs appeared to me very inferior. I had expected to find magnificent sables, but I saw only piles of fox and wolf-skins. It is, moreover, very difficult to make these Turkish shopkeepers exhibit any thing. They pull your sleeve, and arrest you with the greatest eagerness; but, when once they have

fixed your attention, and made you stop, they will merely show what happens to be put out, and it is only when you are going away displeased, that they produce any thing likely to suit or meet your views; and they ask double and sometimes treble the value of their merchandize.

It is curious to see these odd quiet people crouching in the corners of their little low shop-boards; the Armenians, with caps like great round towers, or black drums; the Turks, with their huge rolled turbans; the Persians, with their high conical cap of black lamb-skin — the *fez* — the *caftan*, &c. The absence of all European reminiscences, in the midst of this strange and novel scene, strikes the mind very much. But it is surprise and astonishment that occupy you, rather than admiration; and, indeed, nothing can be more curious than these bazaars. The extremes of poverty and magnificence, of refinement and barbarism, the mingled costumes, the noise, confusion, and variety of the whole, form a scene totally different from any thing elsewhere to be found.

Although the pavement is hardly passable for

man or beast, yet here and there *arabás* come shaking down, and a jewelled hand, with henna-tipped fingers, is seen drawing aside the curtain, while the veiled beauty peeps through her *yash-mac*, and gazes on the unusual sight of a European or Frank woman on horseback, with uncovered face.

Near the bazaar is the *Bajazet-Meidan*, the Hyde Park of Constantinople, where at about four o'clock, during the Ramazan, or month of fast, crowds assemble to gaze at the ladies, who, certainly, in their *feridjee*, or folding mantle, and their *yashmac*, or veil, which covers all but the eyes, look more or less alike. Habit is second nature, but this fashion would amount to suffocation to any one unaccustomed to it, the mouth and nostrils being entirely tied up. The eyes generally appear large, dark, and lustrous, but the skin is of a dead, unhealthy white; and this I heard attributed to the inordinate use of the bath.

I was very desirous to penetrate into the interior of the harems; and Lord L. having had his audience of the ministers, the grand vizier, or prime

minister, the seraskier, or commander-in-chief, &c., the following permission to visit Madame Reschid was sent me :—

" Reschid Pacha a l'honneur de présenter ses hommages à Madame la Marquise de Londonderry, et de l'informer en réponse au billet qu'elle a bien voulu lui adresser, que sa voiture sera prête à recevoir Madame la Marquise demain vers huit heures du soir, à la porte de son hôtel même.

" Constantinople, le 11 Novembre, 1840."

The difficulty of finding a companion who could speak Turkish, and act as interpreter, being removed by Madame Franchini, (the widow of the late first Russian dragoman,) having consented to accompany me, I set out on Thursday evening at eight o'clock. I had accepted the Pacha's kind offer of his carriage, and was not very well pleased to find it was a high open phaeton; however, there was no remedy, for it was too late to change, and, besides, our own carriage was too large for the narrow streets; so Madame Franchini and

I packed in as we best could, and started, preceded by our two keewasses, whose business it was (as I have before said) to be always in attendance, to keep off the crowd of true believers that fill the streets. Two other men carried large flambeaux, and an officer of the Pacha rode by the carriage.

We proceeded at a foot's pace, jolting over the pavement, descended the hill, and wound round through the great burial-ground, where the tall cypresses and white turbaned stones looked more sad and mournful by the pale moonlight than in the gaudy glare of day, as I had hitherto seen them. We crossed the bridge, which is nearly three quarters of a mile in length, and constructed on moored boats. The plan of it was given by a French architect, but these people take the credit of it, because they carried it into execution. It has been finished two years, and must be of great advantage to the city, being the only connexion and communication between Pera and Galata on the one side, and Constantinople on the other, except by water.

It was the Ramazan, or fast; and during this

period the national religion forbids their smoking, eating, or drinking by day, and, therefore, their gaiety and enjoyment begin only at sunset. I was much struck, during my long and uncomfortable drive, with the curious scene around me. The Bosphorus lay like a sheet of glass, on which the moon displayed the enormous mass of shipping. The bridge, the mosques, the minarets, and some of the great buildings were illuminated; myriads of paper lanterns, of all colours and sizes, were carried about; and between them and the great flambeaux, I could observe groups of Turks squatting in crowds round their *caffinets*, with their long pipes, and their little tables with coffee and sherbet. The streets were full, and there was great noise and rejoicing, but at the same time perfect order, and, as our way was cleared, the people fell slowly back, and gazed earnestly, but in silence.

At last we arrived at the entrance of the harem, where we alighted. The door was quietly opened by an invisible hand from behind, and, when closed upon us, some slaves appeared, and at the bottom

of the stairs stood Madame Reschid. Her husband has travelled a great deal and made some stay in England; and, from mixing with Franks, has acquired many of their habits, and in manners is quite a European. In his harem there are several slaves, but he has only one wife, who, being the mother of his five sons, is much considered and respected. Her eyes are dark and fine, and she must have been handsome, but is now no longer young; and, wearing no stays, and being very large, her figure is most extraordinary. Her costume was frightful. It consisted of long striped loose trousers, a brown jacket, and the *antery* trailing like a tail after her. The whole dress was of cotton; and a dark handkerchief on her head, with a feather stuck over one ear, and a flower over the other, completed her attire.

The stairs were covered with the finest mats, and at the top we found Reschid Pacha, who by some mistake had expected me at the other entrance. He conducted me to a room covered with English carpets, and lighted up with wax-candles. In the middle was a large bright brass brasier, and

round the sides ran a high divan of cushions, covered with magnificent cloth of gold, and deep gold fringe. I was placed on a low ottoman in the centre of the room, near the *khanoun*, or mistress of the house; and Reschid seated himself on some cushions opposite Madame Franchini, and the slaves standing at the bottom of the room near the door. Reschid presented his sons to me one by one, inquired after my precious health, and after Lord L.'s; asked how I liked Constantinople, and what I had seen; wished to know how many children I had, &c. He speaks French perfectly, but, like all Turks, is slow, grave, and solemn.

Reschid soon retired, saying that he prevented the other ladies from coming in, and immediately there was a rush, and half a dozen women appeared, and squatted down on the ground. Much civility passed between them and the *khanoun*, who requested them to occupy seats, which they declined. Sweetmeats were handed to me, which I tasted, and was very glad to swallow a glass of cold water afterwards. Coffee was then brought in cups, not bigger than a thimble, placed in a

little jewelled holder; a slave, (the jester, or buffoon,) then ran in, and deposited herself at my feet. They asked me various questions, among others how long I had been married? I replied, so long, I could not tell. They then made me some compliments, and inquired if I had travelled much, and how long it had taken me to come from England. When I said two months, their horror and pity knew no bounds. They asked me what I did to my skin to prevent the sun burning it; they requested to look at my jewels, and all gathered round me; the jester tried them in her head-dress, which produced peals of laughter. They then felt my clothes; and at length Madame Reschid, finding something hard under my gown, made signs of wishing to see it. Accordingly my watch was drawn out, to their infinite amusement.

By this time I counted above twenty women, some crouching on the floor, some sitting, others standing, and all chattering, gazing, and asking questions. I was amazed to observe among these women an absence of all pretensions to good looks; they were plain, dirty, shapeless, and, I might

almost add, disgusting. All their dresses were of cotton; some had jackets trimmed with fur; and one enormous woman, who evidently considered herself a beauty, wore nothing but transparent muslin to her waist.

Two slaves near the door sung, or rather howled, while another played on the tambourine. I was then led into the adjoining room, a sort of hall, covered with the finest mats, and from thence conducted to the bath, the cooling-room, and the marble fountain, with the two sources for hot and cold water. The excessive heat made me pant, which amused them extremely; they all ran and waddled about, with their long tails training after them, and without shoes or slippers; and, having shown me the house, which is quite new, and very handsome, they conducted me to a raised step at the top of the hall, and the slaves sung, and were beginning to dance, when a sudden whisper and violent bustling about announced the return of Reschid Pacha.

The neighbours immediately took flight and disappeared, it being forbidden that a strange man

should see their faces. The slaves and Reschid's own household remained at the farther end of the hall, and he took a chair near his wife, Madame Franchini, and me. The only person who approached us was an old woman, who came up the steps and squatted down.

Reschid said :—" C'est ma mère, c'est à dire, ce n'est pas ma vraie mère, mais ma mère de lait."

Reschid then commenced conversation; and much mutual compliment passed among us all, according to Turkish fashion.

Unfortunately it was discovered that one of my pearls had dropped, and, as it could not be found after a long search, much discomfort was created; poor Madame Reschid declaring it was the only drawback to the enjoyment of her evening. My first attempt to take leave was resisted; I was told I was " trop pressée;" I said I was afraid of intruding, and the answer was that the duty of receiving me became a pleasure, " et que nos âmes sympathisaient."

At length I was allowed to take my departure, and was conducted by the *khanoun*, the slaves fol-

lowing; and Reschid, who was evidently suffering from a severe cold, gave me his arm to the door, where the appearance of a man, in the shape of my English footman, who had arrived with my cloak, alarmed the slaves, who, after a moment's giggling and scuffling, disappeared.

This visit was certainly curious, and very interesting; but I was greatly disappointed not to see any beauty of face or figure; indeed the latter struck me as positively frightful, and none of the women looked young. Even the children had an old, set, parboiled, unhealthy look; all seemed dirty, and the absence of any magnificence of costume gave them an insignificant appearance. I saw neither velvet, silk, nor embroidery; all their dresses were made of coarse, coloured cotton, and possessed neither shape nor beauty.

On returning home, after about an hour and a half's jolting, I found my pearl, which had caused so much anxiety and search, and I immediately sent off a messenger to tranquillize Madame Reschid, who had shown great interest in its supposed loss.

Next day we rowed round the Seraglio Point, nearly to the Seven Towers, passing the Mosques of St. Sophia, and of Sultans Achmet, Bajazet, and Suleiman. The approach to Constantinople by the Sea of Marmora is decidedly the most advantageous. I was delighted with the scenery, and the day was like one in summer.

The following day Madame Franchini and I set out in the Seraskier's carriage, to visit his harem. The streets, as usual, were crowded, but at last we reached the residence of the Seraskier, who has a fine palace, and is commander-in-chief of all the land forces. The harem is in a retired corner, and, on the door being opened, only ourselves were admitted. On entering, we found several slaves, and a very beautiful odalisque. They took me by the elbows, and helped me to ascend the stairs, which, as well as the floors, were covered with the finest matting. Soon after, Madame Moustapha, the chief lady, appeared. The Seraskier has six wives, but this was the *Khanoun*, having been brought up for him by his mother, a fearfully ugly old woman, who seemed to inspire great awe

amongst all the young beauties. The odalisques took our shawls, folded them up carefully, wrapped them up in a piece of cloth of gold, and put them by with our bonnets.

Madame Moustapha was dressed in a brown silk *antery*, embroidered in colours ; large, full trousers, a striped shawl round her waist, and on her head a sort of indescribable edifice was built. The tangled purple silk of the *fez* was mixed with plaits, curls, frizzed hair, coloured gauze, and some diamond stars. She sat down by me on a low divan, but, on the Seraskier's being announced, she jumped up and remained standing, with her arms crossed over her bosom. He is a fine-looking man, between fifty and sixty. He sat on a chair near me, but unfortunately could not speak a word of French.

After many speeches and civilities, according to oriental usage, he invited me to dine *à la Turque* with the ladies. To this I willingly assented; and he further proposed that, as it was the Ramazan, and therefore against their religion to eat before sunset, I should have his carriage, and drive

about for the next two hours. Sweetmeats and coffee were then introduced and handed to me, and, having tasted them, we took our leave, and drove through the markets to the tomb of Sultan Mahmoud, a beautiful building entirely composed of white marble, and only recently erected. The windows were gilt lattices; it was completed within a year, and is in very good taste. The room is like a large saloon, well fitted up and carpeted; in the middle is the coffin, or catafalque, surrounded by railings of mother-of-pearl, and covered with red velvet richly embroidered in gold. Four magnificent cachemires were laid on the coffin, and the *fez*, or red cap, with the diamond aigrette and heron plume, hung over it. Crowds of women were there, their *yashmacs* tightly folded, and only their eyes visible. Men of various sects and costumes appeared praying on their carpets, and all were required to leave their slippers at the door.

The second building contains a white marble fountain, with brass cups, shining like gold; and the third is a room fitted up *à la Française*, with sofas and chairs, for the present sultan to repose

when he comes to pray at the tomb of his father. He has hung up the flag of Acre in the first room, with this inscription, "What my father failed in, I have accomplished, and to his memory I dedicate this trophy."

We then drove to the hippodrome, where, to my surprise, I saw some swings and merry-go-rounds. This fashion was brought from Paris by Achmet Pacha, and is, I should imagine, little adapted to Turkish gravity. At length we returned, and, having ascended the stairs with the same ceremony as before, the party assembled, and the preparations for dinner began.

The Seraskier has generally chosen and bought Circassians, and his harem is quite Eastern, and altogether unreformed by European fashions. Four of his wives were very beautiful, and all were good-looking; their toilets were all in the same style, only varied in colours. Some had caftans of wadded silk, with large, heavy, gold leaves. One blue-eyed girl, who looked languid and suffering, remained in a corner alone, and could not be persuaded to mix with the others. Whether this was

ill temper or illness, I could not discover. She was the last purchase, and, therefore, the favourite. She had been lately confined, and nursed her child, but refused to show it. Two others were *enceintes*, and, between the standing and the fasting, were pale as death, and almost fainted. Nothing can be harder than the situation of these unfortunate women, as they are scarcely ever permitted to stir out. I discovered they had only been allowed to breathe the open air twice in the year.

The Seraskier told me he once took them to the Sweet Waters of Asia, and was amused at my expressive look of horror at such confinement. I could not help pitying their fate, all living together, quarrelling and jangling for the Pacha's favour, "à qui il jeterait le mouchoir."

I did not count the children, but I think there were not fewer than twelve. One beautiful little girl, with large bright blue eyes, like her fair mother, whose robe she held fast, was dressed in a pink and green vest, with a jacket lined with sable. With this exception, they had all dark eyes and eyebrows; most of them had bad teeth, and

nothing could be more disgusting than their bare feet, the nails being, like their fingers, deeply dyed with henna.

A round brass waiter, the size of the table, was placed about a foot from the ground, and on it was laid a tray, with a dozen diminutive, or doll's saucers, in which were cheese, sturgeon, and preserves, and some large crystal cups with perfumed drinks. They sipped the latter, and, breaking off bits of bread from the pieces of roll placed before each person, dipped them into the various sauces. The Pacha's mother invited me to sit near her, and on the other side were the *Khanoum* and her boy; next came the second wife, a beautiful Circassian girl, with one of her children; then an old Greek lady, who had come with her daughters to assist at the ceremony; and then Madame Franchini. The rest disappeared to dine elsewhere. I had observed a table similar to ours on the landing-place.

I was offered a chair, but declined, and placed myself on the ground like the others. The slaves put muslin handkerchiefs, embroidered in gold,

round our necks, and the first course being disposed of, a blue bowl of milk broth was put in the middle of the table; into this all put their little flat tortoiseshell spoons, and ate with great delight, until it was replaced by another mess. Hash-pilaff, rice, chickens, keebâbs (morsels of roasted meat) — in short, not less than twenty dishes followed, one at a time, and were devoured with considerable avidity; all putting their fingers in, and not omitting to lick them after they had performed their office. Then otto-of-rose cream and orange-flower water were served, and then came a plate of sausages, on which they pounced with excessive glee, each seizing one. They seemed much vexed that I did not eat more, and pressed me unceasingly, saying they pitied the dishes that went away untasted by me, and compared me to the bird that comes and picks, only with this difference, that I did not pick. I excused myself as I best could, on the plea of being unused to so many different things, but, in truth, I was nearly poisoned by the smell of garlic and onions, in a room without fresh air and heated by a brasier. Dish after dish

followed, creams, pastry, jellies, and fruit of all descriptions; but the best mess was cold, thick cream, filled with rice, and perfumed with otto of roses. When I asked for water, they gave it me in a large crystal and gold cup, with drops of fleur d'orange.

At length every one had done, the others joined us, and we rose. The slaves knelt with large silver basins and washballs, and we washed our hands, while they poured warm water over them from silver jugs. The confusion and gaiety then began; all these women talking at once, the children taking their share, aided by three Angora cats, a black, a gray, and a white, that purred and promenaded about wherever they liked.

I was then conducted from the hall we had dined in to the boudoir, where coffee was served; Madame Franchini, the *Khanoun*, and I, seated on a divan, while all the others squatted round. Singing was now proposed, but there was a good deal of shy refusal, till one lady, a neighbour, who said her husband was *secrétaire d'ambassade* in London, began an endless and most discordant howl-

ing. Nothing can be more barbarous than the ideas of music among these people. This lady had magnificent dark eyes, and professed great adoration for her husband during his absence, and, as a proof of her affection, had sentimentally stuck the wafer of his last letter upon her forehead.

In each of the boudoirs, on sofas, lay small looking-glasses, with gold backs, and frames ornamented with a large emerald, on which was a diamond star. One of the ladies had a jacket of violet merino, embroidered in silver. They were all better dressed than in Reschid Pacha's harem; but, though their costumes were singular, fantastical, and Eastern, there was nothing approaching to splendour.

I made several unavailing attempts to depart; every device was employed to detain me, and the mother of the Pacha declared I ought to sleep there. The Greek slaves then brought in a tray with sherbet and sugared pomegranates, which they compelled me to taste, and after that I escaped, amidst entreaties and invitations to re-

turn. The Seraskier's carriage, with the usual procession of guards and flambeaux, escorted us home, where I arrived at eight o'clock, extremely tired, but much amused and interested by all I had seen.

On the 17th we sailed for Tarapia. The day was lovely, and the eye never wearies of contemplating the beautiful views on each side of the Bosphorus.

Leaving Constantinople, that mass of picturesque magnificence, when viewed from afar, but of poverty and barbarism when examined in detail, we passed the entrance from the Sea of Marmora, saw Leander's Tower, the Sweet Waters of Asia, Scutari, and the Giant's Mountain, on the Asiatic side, and on the European, admired the two great palaces of the sultan, and various other edifices. Tall cypresses rose around :

> " Dark tree, still sad when other's grief is fled,
> The only constant mourner o'er the dead.

Tarapia is prettily situated, but the town, or rather village, is insignificant, and has lately be-

come more so in consequence of a fire, which burned part of it, and, running up the hill, destroyed the houses where the *attachés* belonging to the English embassy were quartered. I could not help thinking that, if the whole of what they denominate a palace, but which certainly looks more like a cottage or shed, had shared the same fate, it would have been no great misfortune.

Opposite is Buyukdéré, where the Russian embassy resides, until the completion of their fine palace. Here is the Sultan's Valley, a beautiful spot, and in summer, a place of great resort. Here is also the famous tree called the Seven Brothers, being seven immense planes united, under which Godfrey de Boulogne is said to have encamped. As the evening was cold, I did not land. We then returned to Constantinople, and the yachts anchoring near the Seraglio Point, the passage across to Pera, in a rowing-boat, was delicious. The Golden Horn seemed like a vast looking-glass, the stars were shining, and the mosques were all illuminated.

We had now been a fortnight at Constantinople,

during which we were favoured with that heavenly weather which is so necessary to the enjoyment of that place; because, in the first instance, its beauty greatly depends on a bright sun and a clear sky, to colour, gild, and light it up; and, secondly, the communications, at all times difficult, become in bad weather impossible.

On Thursday we determined to start very early, and go to the Arms' Bazaar, which had been hitherto closed. Accordingly, we all agreed to meet at the famous Moustapha's, a well known perfumer at the entrance of the great Bezestein, where the Sultan Mahmoud used to delight in sitting to gaze on the passing crowd. Here we found great temptation in gold bottles of otto-of-rose and jessamine, oil of sandal, *pastilles du Sérail*, and other delicious but powerful Eastern perfumes.

Having made our purchases, after duly bargaining and reducing the original price, and seeing our treasures weighed, we proceeded to the bazaar. Neither *arabás* nor horses are permitted to enter the Arms' Bazaar. It is a place of considerable

extent, and I can only compare it to covered alleys of pawnbrokers' shops.

Here every thing is thoroughly Turkish. Not a Frank is to be seen. Armenians, Greeks, and Turks, squat on low shopboards, the back of their stall being piled up to the top with old curiosities of every description. The crowd was so dense, and the squeeze so great, that it was with difficulty I kept my footing. All the articles are carried about and sold by auction, and the perpetual noise is stunning. Here an Armenian pulls your sleeve, and holds up a gold embroidered *antery* for a fair beauty, or a fine housing for your barb; while another makes you turn and admire amber mouth-pieces mounted in enamel, studded with diamonds. A step farther stands an old Jew, with silver caskets, claiming your attention; and next your steps are arrested by Greeks and Turks, with all manner of arms, and every description of *yataghans* and gold-mounted pistols. Begging dervishes add to the confusion of the scene, which is utterly indescribable. Every sort of odd, old, out of the way thing is found here; and I have no doubt but that

with time, patience, and perseverance, many valuable and curious purchases might be made. The heat and smell are very oppressive, and the pressure would have been unbearable had I not occasionally found refuge by jumping on the low shop-boards. On the whole, this was certainly the most remarkable scene I had hitherto witnessed.

Next day we rowed across to Scutari, and, for the first time, I set foot in Asia. We hired horses, and scrambled up the miserable pavement. We passed a curious Armenian burying-ground, and, after ascending a hill for upwards of three miles, were rewarded by the most extensively magnificent view I had ever beheld. Far as the eye could reach over the ridge of hills, rolled the Black Sea; Tarapia, Buyukdéré, the castles of Europe and Asia, the Bosphorus, the Golden Horn, with Pera, Galata, and Stamboul, lay like a panorama before us. Again, more distant on the other side, were the Prince's Islands, the Sea of Marmora, and its islands. The evening was heavenly, the sun sank beneath the horizon while we gazed, and the Muezzin cry from the high minarets was heard

summoning all true believers to prayers; after which their fast is over till sunrise.

We descended the hill, and rowed back to Tophana, admiring as we went the illuminated mosques, rendered doubly brilliant by a dark and moonless night. Next day we spent some more time in the Arms' Bazaar; the same scene awaited us, and some bargains were concluded, though the noise was deafening, the cheating bewildering, and the heat and crowd insufferable.

In the evening we went to Madame Stürmer's, where I learnt that November 21st is termed *La Nuit du Destin*, for on that night a beautiful maiden is given to the sultan by his nearest relation, his mother, aunt, or sister, whose province it is to make him this present; and this fair girl, being neither purchased nor wedded, there is some fancied superstition connected with this strange ceremony.

CHAPTER V.

Visit to the mosques of Constantinople—St. Sophia—Porphyry columns—Turks at their devotions—Splendid coup-d'œil—Seraglio—Mint—Immense plane tree—Sultan's apartments—Arsenal—Keys of all the pachaliks—Mosque of Sultan Ahmed—Singular story—Mustapha Pacha—Mosque of Suleiman—Mosque of Bajazet—Fifty thousand pigeons—Cost of visiting the mosques—Armenian burial-ground—Turkish cemetery—Greek funerals—Armenian marriages—Fires in Constantinople—Plague—Dancing Dervishes—Singular superstition—Slave market—Slave dealers—Georgian and Circassian slaves—The Thousand and One columns—Close of the Ramazan.

CHAPTER V.

Having obtained from Reschid Pacha a first-rate firman, with permission to see every thing, accompanied by the sultan's own assurance to Lord L. that we should be so favoured, we fixed Monday, the 22nd, for a visit to St. Sophia.

As these firmans are difficult as well as expensive to procure, when one is granted, great interest is made by all strangers and travellers, for permission to accompany "the eye of the people"—the great person to whom the document is granted being so called. We were persecuted by petitions and entreaties from English, Austrians, and Italians; and, notwithstanding all our endeavours to regulate and diminish our party, between thirty and forty other persons voted themselves to be of

our suite, having no connexion or acquaintance with us whatever.

It took us an hour to go from Pera round by the long bridge to Constantinople, though we had four horses to our little phaeton. The officers and mounted *keevasses*, or guards, preceded us, as usual. On entering the mosque of St. Sophia, we found it filled with true believers engaged at their devotions, and we were advised to walk up stairs. We climbed up a dark, paved, inclined plane, reached the galleries that run round, and, leaning over, had a full view of the whole. The first thing that strikes the mind is the immense size. Mr. Lewis, the painter, who accompanied us, said it was certainly larger than St. Paul's; and, from the great open space, it appeared larger than St. Peter's at Rome. The architecture was originally Greek, though much has been done by the Turks, and here and there something recals the Moorish style. The magnificence of the columns, and the varieties of marble, are beyond description; and the cost of this wondrous edifice must have been immense. Eight splendid porphyry columns are said to have

been brought from the Temple of the Sun at Balbec, and eight of green from that of Diana at Ephesus. There are also twenty-four pillars of Egyptian granite, making altogether forty, a favourite number in the East. These support sixty above, of every sort of granite or marble; and twenty-four windows light the cupola.

From the circumstance of its being the Ramazan, and twelve o'clock being the hour of prayer, we saw what Christians are seldom allowed to witness —the Mussulmans at their devotions. Not a foot-fall was heard; the whole being covered with Turkey carpets, which, Mr. Lewis observed, all veered one way, the pulpit being inclined sideways to face them. This was so slight, I did not perceive it, nor did we discover the reason, whether originating in a trifling error in the building, or in the position of the mosque with regard to the sun. The Turks were ranged in long lines, and there might be about seven hundred. Nothing could be more resplendent and picturesque than the *coup d'œil*, and the light falling on the different coloured robes, violet, blue, scarlet, and green, all grouped

together. You gazed upon long ranges of huge-rolled turbans. Hardly any of the new ugly *fez* were here, and none of the Armenian towers; all were turbanned Mussulmans, and their simultaneous movements, gracefully and quietly performed, were very peculiar. There is something extremely touching in the deep humiliation with which they bow their heads to the ground when the name of ALLAH is uttered; and the most extraordinary part is, that though in detail it appears mummery, yet, *en masse*, it is deeply affecting. Often have I felt inclined to smile when I have seen a Turk repeatedly bowing, prostrating, mumbling, and stroking his beard on his little solitary carpet; and yet, when I beheld these long lines of turbanned heads bent to the ground, I was touched and singularly impressed with their profound humility and evidently strong feeling of devotion. There were circles of lamps, mixed with ostrich eggs, hung low by slender brass wires from the high-domed top, the effect of which, when lighted, must be beautiful. The marbles and *verd antique* columns of this church are fine, but its great size,

and the effect of such a multitude of people as filled it, astonished me most.

On descending from the galleries, we walked round the mosque, the prayers were over, and the people dispersing; but one old Turk, in a pink robe and voluminous turban, had ascended a seat, and was expounding the Koran, and admonishing a few who had gathered near on the necessity of prayer. In the outer gallery of the entrance were Egyptians and Arabs, selling ostrich eggs, and charms against the "evil eye."

We were then conducted to the Seraglio, which is not far off. In the first court the mint is established, which we went through, but the heat was so great, that I retreated as hastily as possible. The scene resembled Vulcan's forge. In a corner was a small arsenal, which they pretended was not then open, but that the key should be sent for while we saw the palace. The first court contains the largest plane-tree I ever saw; the second is filled with the usual tall cypresses; but both appear deserted, neglected, and ill-kept. Here a place is shown where the sultan receives his ministers; after

which he retires to an inner court, where four brass posts, inlaid with turquoises and stones, support a canopy, under which a divan of cushions is prepared. The whole is very curious, and has an air of great antiquity. The mangal, or stove for fire and perfume, is of inlaid brass. This small chamber opens into a garden, from whence the quarter of the harem is seen at a distance. We then returned, not wishing to go over the numerous and uninteresting buildings composing the seraglio, which extend down to the water's edge.

On arriving at the arsenal, and finding that no key had yet appeared, we began to suspect some trick or ill-will on the part of our guides, and therefore threatened to send off to Reschid Pacha, when, after a short remonstrance, they produced it, and we made our way in. I cannot say, however, that we found much to reward our perseverance and determination. A small collection of old chain-armour, a few stands of arms, and a sharp, flinty pavement, were all the exhibition. There was, however, a large glass case, containing a curious collection of immense silver and gold keys,

belonging to the different pashaliks, and among the rest, that of Weddin Schumla was pointed out. Some curious sabres were also hung up.

From hence we walked to the mosque of Sultan Ahmed, which occupies one side of the Hippodrome. It is the only one with six minarets, and ranks next to St. Sophia. The first entrance is into a large court, whence a flight of steps leads to the mosque. The proportions are admirable, and it is of vast extent, and very light. Four enormous marble columns support the dome. We could not prevail on the officer who accompanied us to shew us any of the treasures described in Murray's Handbook. In vain did I make the dragoman inquire for emerald lamps and illuminated Korans, for our guide declared that no such things existed. In truth, the Turks hate that the Franks should enter their places of worship, which they consider polluted and desecrated by their presence; and though we met with no difficulty nor insult, but found their behaviour perfectly quiet, nothing enrages them so much as the sight of a Giaour in their mosques. The officers and *keevasses* are bound to protect

strangers; but if a Turk were to strike a Frank, there is little doubt it would be the signal of a simultaneous attack, and the intruder might soon be murdered; and here lies the real difficulty of seeing the mosques well, especially when lighted up at night. On the present occasion, a large party of women were collected in a corner; they gazed eagerly at us, but we did not approach, and their *yashmacs* and *feridgees* left nothing visible but their eyes.

A singular story was related to me, which proves the truth of what I have before stated, of the feelings of the Turks towards the Franks respecting their places of worship. The clock in one of the mosques was out of order, and the skill of a European was required to arrange it, but the defilement and pollution of his presence were objected to. At length some one inquired how the necessary materials to build and repair the mosques had been brought in. "By donkeys shod," was the reply. "Then let the infidel, the dog, be driven in with them." And in such manner did the poor clockmaker make his entrance.

All these edifices are covered with Persian or

Turkey carpets, made softer by having straw-matting under them. Thus not a footstep is heard, and the absence of noise adds to the solemnity. In most of them I observed birds, and in the court of the Bajazet mosque there are said to be fifty thousand pigeons.

We next drove to a smaller one, called Osmanié. It is extremely light and elegant in its proportions, and is adorned with beautifully coloured glass windows. It is the smallest, but certainly the prettiest of all the mosques. Here we met Mustapha Pacha, the seraskier, returning from his devotions. He was accompanied by an interpreter, who insisted on our speaking English, which he did not appear to understand better than the French he objected to. The pacha inquired how we had been pleased, and we expressed boundless admiration. The Turks in the mosque gathered round in amazement, and some were heard to express their astonishment. "See," they said, "the seraskier is speaking with a Frank woman, and she is talking to him."

We next visited the mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent. It is very large and fine, and was

built after the plan of St. Sophia; but as all these edifices more or less resemble each other, we did not linger here, but hastened to the adjoining mausoleum of the sultan, its founder. It is carpeted, and contains six tombs, all surrounded by railings of mother-of-pearl. The coffins of the children are plain and faded, but those of the sultans are covered with the richest cachemires, and the large high white turban (so unfortunately discarded for the hideous modern fez), ornamented with a diamond aigrette. In this mausoleum is an interesting model of the mosque at Mecca.

It was now half-past three, and we had still time to visit another mosque. We therefore desired to be shown that of the Sultan Bajazet, on the *place* of that name, which the present sovereign often frequents. To this, great objections were made. The officer pulled out his watch, and tried to argue that it was too late—that the hour, four o'clock, when the building closed, was past—that the name was not specified in the firman—that the sultan was there; in short, every possible excuse was made, and difficulty raised, to deter

us from our project, but we insisted, and at last obtained an entrance. This mosque is also large; it is carpeted, and has the same low rings of small lamps. It was full of Turks, but no one molested us, as we followed the officer who cleared the way. In the court were stalls with fruit, confectionary, lemonade, sherbet, &c.; charms, perfumes, rosaries, and gilded *pastilles du sérail*, were likewise sold here. We inquired much about the Eyoub mosque, into which I heard no Christian had ever penetrated, and that even the Prince de Joinville, when here, had not been allowed permission to view it. It is in this building that the Sultan is invested, on his accession, with the sword and other ensigns of sovereignty, which are accordingly kept here. It was now four o'clock, and for that day all was over. We therefore dismissed the officer with a *bacshish* of three purses, or 1500 piastres; a moderate demand, as we had been informed that, to make the tour, remembering the imaums and different functionaries, would cost forty pounds. We then returned home, not a little fatigued with this very interesting expedition.

The great Armenian burial-ground being close to our house, funerals were continually passing; and singular indeed they were. The Turks have an idea that the soul is in torment while the body is unburied; they therefore lose no time in consigning the remains of their relatives to earth. They prefer a resting-place in Asia to Europe, fearing that Constantinople may at some future day fall into the hands of the *giaour*, who would disturb their ashes. Scutari is their great cemetery, and a cypress is planted every time a body is put in the ground. The Armenians are forbidden the use of this tree, but are allowed the terebenth, or turpentine. In the Greek funerals that daily passed my window, the procession commenced with a wild, sad chant, and the body was carried in a bed decorated with the gayest colours, and the freshest flowers wreathed round the face, which is uncovered.

The Armenian marriages are very remarkable. The bride wears a veil formed of threads of gold, which entirely conceals her face.

The great scourges of Constantinople are fire and plague; the former is of constant occurrence,

originating in the carelessness and fatalism of the people, and continuing to a frightful extent, from the nature of the buildings, which are principally of wood; for this reason, architecture is little attended to. The houses are slight, ill-finished, and hardly furnished, the proprietors calculating that their dwelling must be burned down once or twice at least in ten years.

From plague, that worst and most fearful visitation, Constantinople has never been so free as at present. There is a superstition that plague and war are never known together; but I am told that a clean bill of health is never given; and if it were, it probably would not be admitted. From Smyrna, two days of quarantine are deducted. I have often thought how heedlessly we exposed ourselves to a chance of infection, and that at no place would there be greater risk than at the bazaars, especially at the Arms' bazaar, where dense crowds of all sorts of people press on every side, and where all kinds of old things are found collected, Heaven knows from where; but of this no one thinks, as, full of excitement, they rush on to play a part in

the busy scene. I believe that it is impossible for an European to reside for any time at Constantinople, without catching something of the Turkish spirit of fatalism.

Next day, we went to see the turning or dancing dervishes. They generally perform twice a week, but, during the Ramazan, only on Tuesday, and we had unfortunately missed them each time. Their place of assembly is a small octagon room in Pera. We were required to put off our shoes, or put on slippers. I always pretended to practise the former, by merely discarding my clogs; either alternative will do; but some method or change must be adopted, as it offends them that what they hold sacred should be trodden by dirty shoes. We found about twenty dervishes, with high, round, felt caps, and brown mantles. Two old men with silver beards were dressed in green, with white turbans. They walked round and round, bowing, and turning slowly several times. They then cast off their mantles, and appeared in full, bell-shaped petticoats and jackets, their feet being bare; and they commenced dancing or

whirling, for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, with the most surprising velocity. Wild music was played in a gallery above, and they kept perfect time; no confusion or jostle occurred, and they seemed insensible to giddiness, though I felt my head turn while only gazing. It is a most eccentric exhibition, as a religious ceremony, and is supposed to have some connexion with the worship of the sun, though how, I could neither learn nor understand. I had been charged not to laugh; but, really, I never felt disposed to do so. Still, it is sad mummery, and great absurdity to imagine their twisting and dancing can be acceptable to God.

We then descended to Tophana; and, reaching the other side, after a row over the Bosphorus, I mounted a horse, to go to the slave-market. It is not far from the bazaars, but on this occasion, the day being advanced, it was nearly empty. We entered a small square or court, round which are wretched cells, and into these miserable abodes the poor black beings are crowded and huddled.

You cannot but pity these unfortunate creatures, some scarcely clothed, others with glaring yellow

or scarlet drapery round them. They are brought by wild-looking Arabs. The handsome Georgians and Circassians are sold privately, generally at the merchants' houses. Whatever may be urged as to the fate of slaves in Turkey—where they are treated really with kindness and affection, and become a part of the family—still the idea of the traffic of human creatures, and of the degradation of womankind to so low a condition, is too painful to dwell upon. I gladly turned away, resolved not to return, for the chance of finding it fuller.

We next went to the thousand-and-one columns, a most curious place, under ground. It is now used by silk-winders, and is very damp and unwholesome. We next proceeded to the tanks, or cisterns, which have never been thoroughly explored.

We were anxiously waiting the end of the Ramazan, about which the Turks themselves seemed to be in ignorance. At length, on Wednesday the 25th, as soon as the sun set, the whole place reverberated with cannon, fired to announce the joyful news.

CHAPTER VI.

Close of the Ramazan—The Bairam—Rejoicings—Grand Procession—Turkish bath—Turkish stud—An offended dignitary—Close of the Bairam—Audience of the sultan—Tscheragan Palace—Admiral Walker's lady—Preliminary ceremonies — Novelty of an audience granted by the sultan to a Frank lady—Apartments of the palace — A surprise — Description of Abdul Mehjid — His dress — Doing homage—Reschid Pacha — A hurricane — Annoyances of Constantinople—Dogs—Departure for Smyrna—Mitylene—Syra—Quarantine—Milo—Voyage to Corfu—Lazzaretto—Sir Howard and Lady Douglas—Sir George Berkeley—A character—Anecdote of King Otho—Patras—The Little Dardanelles.

HUNGARIAN REFERENCE
NEW YORK, N. Y.
LIBRARY

CHAPTER VI.

At seven o'clock on Thursday morning, before sunrise, the troops lined the streets of Constantinople, and a great procession was formed from the seraglio to the St. Sophia mosque, comprising the sultan, the ministers, imaums, &c. A pouring rain prevented my going to the rooms prepared for me to see this ceremony, which is, however, said to be much shorn of its splendour since the extinction of the janissaries. On this occasion, all the fine trappings and embroidered and jewelled housings of the mounted and led horses were covered, to guard them from the rain. For three days the population seemed out of their senses; the shops and *bezesteins* were closed, the streets were impassable, the cannon were continually firing, and general

confusion and rejoicing prevailed. Presents are sent of baskets of confectionary, called "lumps of delight," which I never had the courage to taste; neither could I, during my stay at Constantinople, summon resolution to try a Turkish bath, which, from the description I had of it, seems by no means inviting.

One day we rowed down the Bosphorus, to see some horses belonging to a pacha who lived near Tarapia. We landed, and were shown to the house of Moustapha Pacha, and found some mistake had arisen, and that he was not at home, and had no stable. We inquired further, and found that the horses belonged to another pacha, Mehemet Ali, who had been a great man in Sultan Mahmoud's reign, but being now rather under a cloud, was consequently the more tenacious and proud. We received permission to see the stables, and the horses were paraded. We then returned to the boat, and Lord L. went to thank the pacha, who showed him his house, pictures, &c., and pressed him to stay for coffee and pipes. Being unwilling to make me wait, he declined, and we afterwards heard that this

gave mortal offence, and the pacha's indignation knew no bounds. He said he was as dirt, that dirt had been heaped upon him, and that we should not have any of his horses for five thousand guineas.

After three days' firing and rejoicing, at length the Bairam ceased, and the confusion subsided; and on Monday morning, November 30th, I was desired to proceed to the Tscheragan palace, for my audience of the sultan. Some difficulty occurred as to whom I should select to accompany me. Madame Franchini was objected to by some, as too great a proof of the court arrangements being under Russian influence. Reschid Pacha undertook to interpret, and it was suggested I might go alone. This, however, seemed inconvenient. I therefore asked Mrs. Walker, the wife of Captain Walker, of the British navy, but who had recently been made a Turkish admiral, to go with me, and she gladly acceded. Accordingly, at eleven o'clock, on a cold, snowy morning, we packed ourselves into a small close carriage (the first covered one I had seen in Turkey, and kindly sent us by Reschid Pacha), and we set out, preceded as usual by guards and kee-

vasses. The road, like all others in this country, was dreadful, and we were shaken to pieces, until, after a long descent down a steep declivity, we found ourselves at a palace presenting a long façade to the sea, on the Pera, or European side. Here we were shown through an open court, the guard being turned out to receive us. In Turkey, the outward slippers are always left at the door, the floors being covered with the finest mats, the rooms carpeted, and not a speck or particle of dust to be seen. We entered a small waiting-room, where we found some Austrian officers, who were also awaiting their audience. They informed me of what I had not discovered, that the place appointed had been changed, and that I was not, as I imagined, in the Tscheragan palace, but in the Beshiktasch; that they had already gone to the former, and found no one; and that there appeared to be singular confusion in all the arrangements. Coffee was handed to us in tiny cups, not containing above a thimbleful, but placed in the most exquisite little jewelled stands, or egg-cups, of pink enamel and diamonds. A large brass brasier stood in the middle of the

apartment, and a low embroidered divan ran round it.

At length the Maréchal du Palais came in, and some attendants; coffee was again handed round, and soon after Reschid Pacha appeared. We waited some time, during which coffee was once more brought, and there was much whispering, and evident difficulty, confusion, and embarrassment. At length they all went away, leaving Mrs. Walker and me with the Austrian strangers, who were much amused at the sensation produced by the appearance of a Frank woman within these walls; it being, I believe, the first instance of a formal audience being granted to a lady. The Turks occasionally lifted up the curtain over the entrance into the room, and peeped in to gaze at me. I was in full court dress; and this toilet, so unusual, especially to Turks, unaccustomed as they are to see any ladies in public, added to their astonishment. Mrs. W., the only lady who had ever been received, had been attired in a hat, and without jewels, having unfortunately left hers at Odessa. Her audience, however, had been less

punctilious as to form than mine, and, having occurred in the garden, had more the character of an accidental meeting than a formal and state appointment, which mine was. A great step has been made in the approach to civilization, and probably this will continue, and perhaps, in a few years, ladies will be received at the Ottoman court in the same manner as at any other.

At length, Reschid Pacha, the Maréchal du Palais, and other attendants, returned, having put on their diamond decorations; and after waiting again for some time (for nothing in Turkey is ever done in a hurry,) I was requested to follow them. I expected to enter some adjoining room, where the sultan would receive me, but, to my surprise, I was desired to put on my furs, my clogs, and my cloak, and I followed them down stairs, crossed an open court, and arrived at a long terrace or garden, at the end of which stood the palace. Luckily, it had ceased snowing, but the cold was intense. I was then informed that the great officers of state had received orders to show us the apartments; and we were first conducted into a kiosk, or plea-

sure-house, of great beauty. The courts we traversed were paved with marble flags, and I was much struck with the grandeur of a room of 150 feet long, having a large bow in the centre. It was covered with the finest matting, and, being fitted up in the Oriental taste, with a long line of open lattices to the water, it must be a delicious resting-place during the summer heats.

While I was shivering with cold, and gazing on the Asiatic shore, and the extensive view (which even in the bleak and dreary month of November is lovely), a large square trap-door in the floor was raised, and I heard a voice say, "Voilà la mer, madame!" Hardly believing my senses, I advanced, and, truly, the deep green sea flowed under the splendid eastern gallery. A shudder came over me, as I thought how readily that trap-door might close over its victims, and my blood ran cold while my imagination made the mute inquiry, who can tell on whom that barrier has closed? I recalled the lines,

> When wearied of these fleeting charms and me,
> Here yawns the sack, and yonder rolls the sea;

and I turned away, and gladly obeyed the summons to proceed.

Following the officers, we crossed another marble court, and ascended a flight of steps to the palace. The hall and stairs were matted, and were lined with attendants, all in fez and caftan. We were then ushered through long suites of apartments, expecting every moment to find ourselves in the presence of the sultan. At length, on arriving at a small side ante-room, when I was the least prepared for the meeting, Abdul Mehjid walked in quickly, and suddenly stood before us. The usual fez was on his head, a full military cloak hung round him, clasped at the throat with an *agrafe* of enormous diamonds. A large *solitaire* ring was on his little finger. He is tall, pale, sallow, and slight, only eighteen years of age, with fine eyes, a sweet smile, and amiable expression of countenance. It is said he is learning French, and is much more informed as to all that is passing in the world than is generally supposed. The Prince de Joinville, when here, saw and conversed much with him; and, lately, a good

deal has transpired as to his manners and ideas, from a Russian painter, who has just finished his picture, and with whom he had much intercourse during his several sittings. He did not bow to me, but immediately began talking to Reschid Pacha, who, having paid his homage, which is done by appearing gracefully to pick up the dust from the feet, according to the expression, *je baise la poussière*, interpreted to me the sultan's pleasure and satisfaction at seeing me, and his hope that I had recovered the fatigue of my journey. To this I replied. He then inquired if I had been at all rewarded for what I had suffered, and for the deprivation of the comforts and luxuries of England. I requested Reschid to express my admiration of Constantinople, my gratification at my visit and reception, and my thanks for having been allowed to see every thing that was curious and interesting. The sultan inquired if I had visited the Tscheragan palace, and, on my answering in the negative, he desired orders to be given that it might be shown to me. He then asked who was the lady that accompanied me, and being told her

name, he desired Reschid Pacha to express the pleasure he felt at having an opportunity of telling her how highly he valued her husband's services. After a happily worded reply from her, that she had equal delight in being able to assure his majesty that he had not a more faithful servant than Admiral Walker, the sultan expressed his regrets at my intention of leaving Constantinople so soon, and then vanished as suddenly as he had appeared.

I was re-conducted to the door of the palace by Reschid Pacha and the Maréchal du Palais, who eagerly inquired what I thought of their imperial master. They seemed pleased with the praise and admiration I expressed, and Reschid Pacha interpreted to the other all I said; and mentioned also my having twice seen the sultan dismount from his horse on the Constantinople quay, and enter his beautiful caïque, to return to his palace on the Pera side. I then took leave of Reschid, endeavouring to describe our gratitude for all his kindness and protection. The troops lined the courts, and were under arms as I passed. Orders were given to conduct me to the other palace, but, being

chilled and ill from the cold, I excused myself, and desired to be taken back to our wretched abode at Pera.

We were to have left by the Seripervas steamer on the 1st of December, but we were prevented from doing so by the non-arrival of the Crescent, another Austrian steamer, which was due from Trebizonde on the 30th of November, and was to have sailed on the 1st of December with five hundred Turkish troops, and thirty officers for Egypt; and, owing to her not arriving, the Seripervas was despatched on this service in her place, which hindered our going by her on the 1st instant; a most fortunate escape for us, as we afterwards learnt, for she was wrecked that night in the Gulf of Modania, and, though the crew was saved, a dreadful scene and great loss followed.

A fearful hurricane came on, and a deep snow fell; our small wooden abode shook and rocked, the little panes of glass danced and rattled, and the wind and storm increased tremendously. Four houses were blown down; many unfortunate creatures perished from cold and exposure to the

inclemency of the weather. As the loveliness of Constantinople (from a distance, always be it understood) is undisputed and unrivalled, when

Skies are blue and earth is gay,

so does it become absolutely hideous when the summer colouring is passed away, and winter brings a change over the scene. Miss Pardoe may talk of its "ermine mantle;" but, with a deep covering of snow, the Bosphorus boiling and smoking, and the Black Sea rushing down, any thing more desolate and uninviting than the aspect of Constantinople cannot be imagined; while the misery and almost barbarism of its interior defy description. The want of pavement; the sloping, pent roofs, which pour deluges of rain over the unwary passenger who, in fisherman's boots, may be attempting to thread his path through hills of snow and ice, and, in falling over dozens of starving houseless and useless curs, that curl themselves up at every step, is hardly able to keep his footing up and down the rugged ascents and descents; the slight, ill-built habitations precluding all real com-

fort, being mostly wooden habitations that afford little protection from noise and cold, and the difficulty of moving about—all these things render this city a most undesirable abode in inclement weather.

I have not remarked on the dogs, and yet they are peculiar to this place. None are suffered to enter the houses, consequently all are without homes or owners, yet the streets are filled with thousands, that howl all night, and attack any one not provided with a stick. They subsist on charity, have their own police arrangements and districts, and will not suffer an intruder. They are ugly, rough, reddish beasts, half wolf, a quarter jackal, and a quarter dog. This tribe adds considerably to the annoyances of Constantinople.

It is a great source of satisfaction to have seen this capital, so different from all others, so full of interest, beauty, and novelty. It is perhaps unreasonable to expect any place to look its best in December, and I almost wish I had left it before the last storm, and that I had carried away its bright warm look of beauty, with the sun lighting

up its numerous mosques, its graceful minarets, and dark cypresses. I wish that this had been the impression of the last lingering gaze. It was, however, otherwise decreed; the steamer not arriving, and the uncomfortable reports of her loss, and that of other vessels, reaching us, we were prevailed on to profit by the fine morning and north wind of Thursday, December 3d, and sail for Smyrna in Mr. Bentinck's yacht, the Dream. Baron Stürmer took us on board in his light caïque, rowed by ten men in Greek or Albanian dresses. It was with regret we took leave of him, after all his kindness and attention.

We sailed prosperously through the Sea of Marmora during the night, and into the Dardanelles next day, when, getting our firmans *visés* without delay, we passed the castles, and reached Mitylene. Here we were becalmed, with a heavy swell; a terrible night ensued, with a strong wind and sea, that made the vessel pitch and toss dreadfully while lying-to. On Sunday morning, the Merlin, Captain Lyon's yacht, bore away for Scio, and we were forced to follow, and, to my great re-

gret, renounce our visit to Smyrna, a place I had set my heart on seeing; all the stories concerning it, of caravans arriving, strings of camels, presents for Mecca, purses of precious stones, gold embroidery, Persian carpets, and cashmere shawls, being fixed in my mind. Great was my despair when I found we were not able to go. We, however, resigned ourselves to our fate, and followed the schooner to Scio, where we anchored, but as there was a good deal of sea, I did not go on shore. The aspect of the place was deplorable, though the situation is very striking. It was formerly prosperous, but it has hardly recovered the destruction that befell it in the late war with the Greeks.

Having obtained a clean bill of health, we sailed with a fair wind for Syra; the night, however, was bad. We made the Miconi passage, and lay-to under the Island of Tenos till daylight, and we found it very rough and disagreeable. Monday morning we went into Syra, a wild-looking spot, of singular appearance. Several conical hills form the bay, on one of which the town is built, begin-

ning literally with one house at the top, and spreading downwards like a fabric of cards. We were immediately put into quarantine, the yellow flag was hoisted, and two dirty Greek *guardiani* put on board each yacht; and it was announced to us that we must not expect pratique for fourteen days. At this the gentlemen rebelled, and a great wrangle commenced, which lasted till the next day, and ended in our sending the *guardiani* off, setting the Greek authorities at defiance, and determining to take our chance of obtaining justice at Corfu.

We then prepared for sea; and, having a prosperous gale, passed Milo and Anti-Milo; at twelve o'clock at night the wind shifted and became contrary, blowing hard; and after four hours' beating, we bore up, and ran back to Milo, where we anchored on Wednesday morning. It is a savage-looking, land-locked place; a Greek cutter and brig were lying there. We were not allowed to disembark, but were informed that if we remained seventeen days, we might have pratique!

On Thursday, the 10th, we got under weigh in

the afternoon, and again stood out towards the entrance, but, finding the weather thick and bad, we returned to our anchorage. All night it blew a hurricane, with tremendous squalls, heavy thunder, and fearful lightning, accompanied by deluges of rain.

On Friday, the 11th, we once more attempted to get away, and worked out of Milo Bay against a strong north-west wind, weathered Cape Varna, passed between it and Anti-Milo, and steered for Cape St. Angelo, which we were abreast of at half-past ten o'clock. We regretted not being able to land here and see the hermit, who has fixed his dwelling on a cliff in this lone, deserted spot.

At four o'clock on Saturday morning, we went round Cape Matapan, and ran on with a fair wind, passed Navarino, and in the evening were abreast of Zante. The night was dreadful, thick fog with heavy squalls, fearful thunder, lightning, and torrents of rain.

On Sunday morning, at half-past one o'clock, we were between Leucadia and Paxo; we then ran between Paxo and Anti-Paxo. At half-past

three o'clock we passed Cape Blanco, and not being able to save our daylight, we ran into Comenizza Bay, and anchored for the night. Next morning, Monday 14th, a dead calm delayed us, and it was not till one o'clock that we anchored at Corfù, the high citadel, the fortified hills, and picturesque mountains of which are very striking. We had hoped to be allowed to count our quarantine from Sunday 6th, at Scio, and that one day more would have seen us free and clear, but we were sadly disappointed. Our passage was allowed to count, but seven days more were imposed; and as a great favour, the health office, consisting of four miserable rooms close to the sea, was given up to us, instead of sending us to the Lazzaretto, a large, cold building on a desert island, two miles off, and sometimes, in a heavy sea, unapproachable even with the provision boat. Here we vegetated till Monday, 21st, receiving visits from the governor, Sir Howard Douglas, and his family, and allowed to walk by the sea on the pier, watched by the *gardiens*, who received every thing from us with long tongs, and then

fumigated it, interposing with sticks if any one approached too near us.

Enough has been written on the miseries of quarantine, which is neither more nor less than positive imprisonment, however it may be lightened by the kindness that surrounds the captive with luxury and comforts. We had flowers, books, and papers; and every attention that could be devised was paid us by Sir Howard and Lady Douglas; but we sighed and fretted for freedom, and at last obtained it. On the 21st we were gladdened by the arrival of our children in the Mahmoud steamer, from Trieste, and were rejoicing to find ourselves once more reunited under the roof of an hotel called the Club House, where, however, during a short abode, we discovered new miseries. The noise never ceased by day or night, and the severe cold was almost unbearable, in rooms that contained neither a fireplace nor a stove, and had consequently the temperature of ice-houses. We dined at the palace, a magnificent and comfortable residence occupied by the governor, commanding a fine view of the sea and the mountains.

We drove round the town, which seemed miserable enough, and entered the church of Saint Spiridion, the patron saint of the island. It was his *féte*, and the whole place was filled with people offering wax candles.

The drives and walks are beautiful, and the citron and orange-groves reminded me of Spain; they are of great extent and luxuriance, and one cannot help regretting that all the nursing of hot-houses in England can produce nothing to be compared to these neglected trees, surrounded by thorns, shrubs, and weeds, yet loaded with fruit. We dined with Sir George Berkeley at the citadel, and also at the Chevalier and Lady Petrizzopulo's, the president.

Being so near Athens, we were reluctant to leave Corfù without visiting that interesting place, and we thankfully accepted Sir Howard Douglas's kind offer of his Ionian steamer, to convey us up the Gulf of Patras. We determined, however, to wait till after Christmas-day. The garrison was reviewed by Lord L. on the 24th, and on the 26th, we embarked. Mr. Bentinck, who was to have

accompanied us, was ill and not able to move, and Captain Lyon very kindly took his place. The morning was lovely; we ran on smoothly during the day, but the smell and motion of a small steamer are always particularly disagreeable, and I lay down for some hours, and it was not till I crawled in to dinner that I made acquaintance with the captain, whose character I had not been in the least prepared for, and therefore was the more pleased and surprised to find such an agreeable original. His broad face was marked with the strongest expression of good-humour and shrewdness. The rotundity of his figure spoke well for his fare, and betokened a happy temper and a merry heart. His keen, black eyes glanced round, and nothing escaped them, while large, dark, bushy brows overshadowed his ruddy face.

This singular person is by birth a Genoese, and his history is worth recording, though I regret many links are wanting in the chain. At ten years old, having run away from his parents, and worked a passage, he found himself in the streets of Constantinople without shoes or stockings. Here he

picked up a few Turkish words; and his first exploit was to offer himself as pilot to a vessel bound for the Danube. Never having been there, he was naturally considerably puzzled to find the mouth of the river, and the captain having discovered his ignorance, was proceeding to inflict summary punishment by hanging him, when the quick Italian, having espied a ship coming into the Black Sea, concluded that another could go where that had come out, and pretending to recover from his bewilderment and regain his recollection, boldly guided the vessel forward. Much of his after history was not to be arrived at; for thirty years he had ploughed the Adriatic, been taken prisoner and escaped by swimming, had all manner of perils and adventures; had served under Napoleon and Murat, and was now employed by the English government as captain of this little steamer. He gave most entertaining accounts of his search for pirates, who, he said, came, like the finest honey, from the island of Cerigo. His eyes he declared were his charts; he quoted Virgil, and had Metastasio at his fingers' ends. He talked of Prince George of

Cambridge, whom he had taken on this same expedition. "Charmant garçon," he said. He began by protesting against wine, which he declared he never touched, but ended by drinking three bottles. He produced different sorts from all countries, sweet and bitter from Zante and Malaga, cheese from Parma, chestnuts from Italy, honey from Cerigo, preserved roses from Constantinople. He was very hospitable, and was delighted if any thing he had was approved; and when asked how he collected all these different productions, he replied, "Mais, ma foi, une main aide l'autre, et les deux lavent la figure." We asked him if we could find a good servant at Athens. "Mais, miladi, est ce que l'on trouve des mouches blanches? Aussi bien piocher où gratter dans l'eau que de s'attendre à trouver quelque chose de bon chez les Grecs, qui ne valent rien. Ils prendront cent thaleri pour tuer un homme, mais si on leur offre de plus un bon diner, ils ne mangeront pas la viande, parceque c'est contre leur réligion." He said *une belle lune* was every thing at sea; "qu'elle mangeoit la moitié

du mauvais temps, mais que si on avoit de plus le vent, tant mieux avoir l'une et l'autre." And then he grinned, and blinked, and chuckled at his own wit, and, putting on the most sentimental face imaginable, began to sing Italian airs out of different operas. He told us some one had written on the door of the King of Greece's palace, 8610 —" ce qui veut dire—*Otto sei un zero*."

Before going to bed I inquired where we were, and being informed it was somewhere abreast of Sappho's leap, I retired to rest, hoping to reach Corinth next day. The Fates, however, decreed otherwise; during the night a strong easterly wind got up, and a heavy sea made the vessel roll and labour terribly, and we were so ill and uncomfortable, that we gladly acceded to the captain's proposal that we should go into Patras, where he no sooner anchored than he turned into bed; when an extraordinary noise was heard like sawing ropes, and this eventually proved to be his snoring.

Lord L. went on shore, and saw the consul and vice-consul. Here, to our infinite vexation, we found that the governor's letters for Athens, de-

siring that preparations might be made for our arrival and reception, had got no further than Zante, whence there was little chance of their being forwarded. We therefore sent off an estafette, borrowed a side-saddle in case of my having to ride, and procured provisions for our expedition, which seemed likely to last longer than we at first contemplated.

A beautiful bay, with a ruined castle, and snow-capped mountains, did not tempt us to land; and, having time to spare, we determined to remain that day, and early next morning to proceed to Delphi, and see the temple there. Accordingly, at eight o'clock, we went through the little Dardanelles, which form the entrance of the Gulf of Lepanto, and anchored off Castri. Here we saw Mount Parnassus covered with snow, and found the distance too great to accomplish our project during daylight. Fish and olives were all this wretched place afforded; only three or four habitations were to be seen, and the few people that came off in boats looked wild and hardly human.

CHAPTER VII.

Our captain — Arrival at Leutrachi — Callimachi — Proceed to Athens in a Russian cutter — Royal Hotel, Athens — Acropolis — Parthenon—Anecdote of an English captain—The Erechtheum—Temple of Theseus—Temple of Jupiter—New palace building for King Otho—Divine service at Sir Edmund Lyons's—Public promenade — Presentation to the Queen — Dresses of the Albanians and Greeks — The banker's — Lantern of Lysicrates — General Church's collection of portraits — A review — To Callimachi in King Otho's steamer —Voyage to Zante — Effects of the late earthquake — Arrival of our children from Corfu — Voyage to Malta — Quarantine — Settle at the house of the governor, Sir Henry Bouverie — General appearance of the island — Cathedral of St. John—Voyage to Palermo —Turtle — Palermo and its environs—La Favorita —The Palazzo Reale — Shrine of St. Rosalia —Montreale—Voyage to Capri —Arrival at Naples—Theatre of St. Carlos — Carnival ball —Presentation to the King and Queen —Ball at Baron Rothschild's—Court ball—Palace— Masked balls at the St. Carlos Theatre—Fête given by the Duke de Montebello—Acton Palace—Ball at the academy— Shrove Tuesday amusements —Lady Blessington's villa, the Belvidere Palace—Comparison between the Bay of Naples and the Bosphorus — Museum—Severin Chapel—Jews' quarter—Pompeii—News of the fire at Wynyard.

CHAPTER VII.

Our captain was a great resource; abounding in anecdote, originality, and talent, he was always amusing, and, besides his quotations and love of poetry, we discovered two additional accomplishments, singing and drawing. His likenesses were striking and done by a *trait de crayon*, while he quoted Metastasio, and sung airs from "Norma" and "La Sonnambula." I begged him to send early next morning for milk, as the tea was bad without; to which request he replied that tea without milk was like justice without mercy, and quoted

"La giustizia senza la clemenza è tiranna,
La clemenza senza giustizia è debolezza."

But I fear no description can do G. justice, or convey the least idea of his singular character.

Next day, Tuesday 29th, we anchored off Corinth, at Leutrachi, in a small bay, surrounded by mountains, and scarcely a habitation visible. We found that to ride from thence to Athens by Megara would take two days, that there was only a bridle-road, and there were no inns; while an hour would be sufficient to take us across the isthmus to Callimachi, where we hoped to find some vessel to convey us to the Piræus. A gig was prepared for Lord L. and me, and carts for the baggage; and we set off, accompanied by some strange, wild people, as guides. Worse countenances I never saw, and G.'s winks and shrugs, combined with his previously declared opinion, made one unwilling to trust to their care.

The road was flat and good, the day lovely, and the scenery enchanting, and we had advanced about half way, when we were met by Captain Lyon, who had preceded us, and returned to say that there was no place at Callimachi, the only station, where we could possibly spend the night—

no inn, no provisions, no boats, in fact, nothing. We were obliged to retrace our steps, and pass our evening again with the captain, who told us rather an amusing story, though I believe, an old one, of an Austrian and a French officer. The officer began, "Mais voulez vous m'expliquer pourquoi vous vous battez?" "Mais pour l'honneur," replied the Frenchman, "et vous?" "Pour l'argent," answered the Austrian; "chacun se bat pour ce qui lui manque."

We determined, if the answer did not come the next day from Athens, that we would devote it to visiting Corinth, and climbing the Acropolis. Being fine weather, we set out, the captain disliking the expedition, from his avowed bad opinion of the country and the people. "Voilà trente ans," said he, "que je suis dans ces parages, et je les connais, ces animaux." Then he told a story of the purser of a frigate who had lagged behind his companions in walking to Corinth, when all of a sudden they missed him, and though they immediately turned back, and ten minutes had not elapsed since they lost sight of him, no trace

of him was ever afterwards discovered. It is supposed he had been murdered for a large silver-gilt chain he wore round his neck; but neither he nor any thing belonging to him was ever again seen.

Just as we were starting, a messenger arrived with a letter from Sir Edmund Lyons, saying that the Russian minister had, with great consideration, sent us a fine man-of-war cutter to take us to Athens; we therefore returned to the steamer to pack up, and at about three o'clock we all started as on the previous day. The distance between the two seas is hardly five miles, and a more romantic country cannot be imagined. Wild, uncultivated, and uninhabited, the descent into Callimachi was beautiful; the distant blue mountains, the sea like glass, and that peculiar colouring only seen in sunny southern climes. Even in winter, I am told, this favoured land has the myrtle and oleander in full bloom in the open air.

On reaching the shore, we found the cutter lying in the bay, and we immediately went on board. She was a man-of-war, with twelve guns, fifty men, and eight officers. The want of wind and of dex-

terity in managing the sails prevented our making much way; and we had recourse to the sweeps. The only accommodation was one very small cabin, with narrow seats. An excellent dinner had been provided by the Russian minister, who most kindly had the attention to send his cook and servants. The difficulty, however, was how to spend the night, repose for all parties being impossible. A sail was put up as a partition in the cabin, and my maid and I took possession of one side, Lord L., Captain Lyon, and Dr. Forbes, being on the other; and here, without beds, we settled ourselves, and passed some uncomfortable hours till daylight, when, to our great regret, we found that at least twelve of the thirty miles remained to be accomplished. In despair at the prospect of another day and night on board, I asked the captain if we might have the boats, as the day was fine, and there was no appearance of a breath of wind. He most civilly assented; three were speedily manned, and filled with people and luggage, and the eight-oared boat, in which we were, brought us in about three hours to the Piræus.

We found Sir Edmund Lyons's carriage waiting for us, and the consul, Mr. Green, a very obliging person, ready to render all assistance. Rooms being taken at the Royal Hotel, Madame Cassali's, we at once drove there, and found a cold, straggling, Greek inn, where, however, two fireplaces were an unexpected luxury. We dined with Sir Edmund, a most hospitable, agreeable man. His house was comfortable, with a marble hall and stairs, and must in summer be very pleasant, as the rooms above are warm and quite *English* in winter. On our return home we were glad to find the baggage safely arrived, the cutter having profited by a little breeze to get in.

The next day, January 1st, the weather was clear, the morning bright, and we commenced the new year by ascending the far-famed Acropolis. It is necessary to have a permission, but, being accompanied by the English minister, no questions were asked, and the little door opened and admitted us. Notwithstanding that our expectations were so raised, the *coup d'œil* surpassed any idea I

had formed of it; and to a mind early stored with classic lore and historical knowledge, the pleasure of this visit must be doubly increased. Still, even the unlearned beholder cannot fail to be struck with admiration at these stupendous and wonderful remains, the immense quantity and masses of marble, as well as the magnificent situation. The first object that meets the eye is the *propylæa* or entrance to the Parthenon. It increases the regret caused by the destruction before one, to think that when time had respected these works, avarice, barbarism, war, and the bad passions of mankind should have aggravated and extended the devastation and ruin; for, although earthquakes have shaken and centuries have passed over them, the chief injuries have been done by the atrocities of war, shells, balls, and gunpowder. On the right, on entering, is the Temple of Victory Apteros, a graceful building, lately discovered under a Turkish battery, and skilfully put together. The columns are fluted Ionic; the whole is in miniature, being only twenty feet in length, but very beautiful, and is situated on a little eminence.

Passing between this and the *propylæa*, the Parthenon is before you. It stands on the highest spot of the hill; and the only feeling that disturbs the mind, while contemplating this unrivalled ruin, is regret and sorrow that it is no longer the perfect fabric it was. After the first wonder-stricken gaze, on a closer examination of these massive columns, and seemingly impregnable masonry, the stranger not only marvels how such an edifice could have been finished in seven years, but that it ever was completed at all. The immense Doric columns, above six feet in diameter, are fluted; there are seventeen of a side; the whole of this and the other buildings of the Acropolis are of Pentelic marble. It was 228 feet long and 100 feet broad. In the interior space a mosque has been built, wherein are deposited some remains of cornices and statues. The view from here over the olive plain, the Piræus, and the distant mountains, is very extensive and fine. From here is also seen the Areopagus, and the place where Saint Paul was brought up the steps, and preached.

I heard an anecdote of an English captain of a

merchant vessel, who came and entreated Mr. Hill, the American clergyman here, to show him this spot: he ascended it, and, pulling out his Bible, read some of the chapters, preached there, and, after a short prayer, turned to depart, saying he meant to sail that night. "Will you not visit some of the temples on the hill?" said the minister. "Oh no, sir," replied the captain, "I came to see *this* place, and have no desire to approach those profane buildings." Nor could he be induced to change his decision.

Lord L—— wrote our names on one of the columns in front of the entrance of the Parthenon, to be perhaps read in after-years by our children, and children's children. We then turned to the Erechtheum, a beautiful building, and, until the last twelve years, quite perfect. During the war in 1827, a Greek chief, with all his family, took refuge in its interior. A ball having nearly struck it, they covered the roof with earth. Another shot reached still nearer, and made them pile on more. During the night, a tremendous rain caused the earth to swell, and thus the weight was so

increased that the roof fell in and killed seventeen persons, and, amongst the rest, several females perished. The southern portico is supported by caryatides, of which three only remain. One has been carried off to St. Petersburg, and another went to London among Lord Elgin's spoils.

The sacred olive tree grew here, and the supposed tomb of Cecrops is shown. Walking round the exterior, a spot where Lord Durham had climbed to cut his name was pointed out to us, but it was too high to be visible, even with glasses. We saw the Pnyx, or hill, the prison of Socrates. I was anxious to purloin a small bit of marble I had picked up, but the vigilant spies detected the theft, and took it from me as I descended the hill.

We then drove to the Temple of Theseus, which stands by itself at the foot of the Acropolis. The walls, the roof, and thirty-four Doric columns, are perfect; it now forms the museum of Athens. The whole is of white Pentelic marble, but has turned a deep yellow, partly the effect of time, though there is no doubt much has been painted.

From thence we went to the Temple of Jupiter, the largest, finest, and last built of all the wonders of Athens. Only sixteen of 120 columns still exist, and these are indeed very fine. They are six feet and a half in diameter, fluted, and sixty feet high, with Corinthian capitals. The length of the building was 354 feet, the breadth 171, and the remains of the platform show the entire circuit must have been 2300 feet. The hills are full of inscriptions and classic recollections.

It is to be regretted that King Otho takes little interest in all these triumphs of genius and art; and I was told the queen came but once to see the Acropolis. On the other hand, the King of Bavaria was well worthy of it; he paid fifty-six visits, saw it at sunset, watched it through the moonlight, and waited for the sun rising; but he was not suffered to carry any thing away. A wretched town is at its foot, and an immense palace is building for the king, who ought to have saved his money for other purposes. I cannot imagine a more disagreeable residence than Athens: except for the occasional visits of strangers, it is dull and stupid.

The summer is dusty and without shade, subject to fever and malaria, and the winter cold.

On Sunday we attended divine service at Sir Edmund Lyons's; the prayers were read by Mr. Leeves, and a long sermon was preached by Mr. Hill; but both spoke so low that the effort of listening was most painful, and sometimes totally useless. In the afternoon we drove to a place of great public resort, where an excellent band plays, and crowds assemble. While we were there, the royal procession arrived on horseback; King Otho in the Greek dress, the queen in a most unbecoming riding-habit, ugly hat, and green veil, and the Crown Prince of Bavaria, with their suites and attendants.

Next day, Monday, 4th, was fixed for my presentation to the queen, who was a Princess of Oldenburg, and is a very pleasing person, only twenty-two years of age. Lady Lyons accompanied me, and we were received by a little old lady in blue, who mumbled out some civil speeches, and conducted us to the queen. She was simply attired, in a tight dress of dark velvet. Her man-

ner is affable and good-natured; her conversation was principally on the sufferings attendant on her expeditions, sickness, quarantine, &c.

The dresses of the Albanians and Greeks but slightly differ from one another, and are very gay and gaudy: the jackets, vests, sleeves, and leggings, are of different coloured cloth or velvet, richly embroidered in gold or silver; the *fustonella*, or petticoat, which hangs like a kilt, is made on the principle of an umbrella, small at the top and full at the bottom, having between three and four hundred seams. The dress of the women is not pretty, though I saw it on the famed and beautiful Mdle. Botzaris.

Tuesday, being our last day, was of course a busy one; and first I went to the banker's, where I found an overpowering smell of tobacco, one clerk, and no money of any kind, not even dollars. He promised to procure some in an hour; meanwhile I went to see the lantern of Lysicrates, an elegant little temple, with Corinthian pillars, extremely small; but, when there was a series of them, (as it was customary for each person who won a prize to

build a tripod to place it upon,) the effect must have been very beautiful. They were all of white marble.

At General Church's I was shown the portraits of the famous Capitani in the Greek war ; an interesting collection, which contains pictures of three of the Botzaris. The general presented me with a sketch of Cape Colonna.

A great review was to take place, and to this I went with Lady Lyons, hoping to see some of the Greek costumes. There were about 500 men, partly infantry, partly lancers, dressed in imitation of the Bavarian troops. The general appearance of the crowd was picturesque. The Suliote *fez*, the *fustonella* petticoat, the costume of the wild Palikari, all added to the novelty of the scene. A grand dinner and evening party at the Austrian minister's closed our stay at Athens, which we prepared to leave with extreme regret.

Wednesday morning had been, however, fixed for our departure, and we reached the Piræus about eight o'clock. The Russian cutter lay there, and the captain immediately manned her three boats,

and came to assist us in getting off. This vessel, as well as a Russian brig just arrived, had been kindly offered to take us to Callimachi, but, dreading the uncertainty of the wind, we thankfully accepted King Otho's fine steamer. On going on board, we were saluted by the Russian brig, which was returned by the steamer, and our luggage, being all stowed, we started; and, after a rough passage of five hours, arrived at Callimachi. The captain, who was a Greek, and a sailor from childhood, said he had never been at school, and he spoke nothing intelligible but a very little Italian. The lieutenant, a gentlemanlike young man, was a son of Admiral Miaulis, and, having been educated in England, spoke English well.

At Callimachi we found the village quite alive, and no one sober, it being the 6th (old Christmas day), and with the Greeks kept as the true one. It was therefore with difficulty we succeeded in getting the gig and carts to convey us and our baggage across the isthmus. To my astonishment, the old Spartan, who drove the first vehicle, was a cousin of the captain's, and a most cordial greeting ensued

between them. At length the carts were loaded, and another hour found us on board our friend Captain G——'s steamer. He was in great spirits, delighted at our return, and pleased at having finished his portraits of all the crew, as well as his verses, which contained a journal of our passage from Corfù.

The captain was more amusing than ever. He told us that Napoleon never asked his soldiers if they were happy, but if they had courage. "Que ce n'était pas le tapage mais la solidité qui venoit à bout de tout—que c'étoit les baionettes et non pas les tambours qui prenoient la forteresse."

We ran on through the night, and reached Zante early next morning, where we anchored. The yachts of our friends, the cutter and the schooner, were already there; but the City of Dublin steamer, in which our passage to Malta was taken, had not arrived, nor did it seem by any means certain when she would make her appearance. We went on shore to see the island, and witnessed the ruin and devastation caused by the late severe earthquake. On all sides were destruction, ruins,

heaps of stones, shaken rocks, and crumbling walls. Notwithstanding this, a finer scene can hardly be viewed than on ascending the high castle hill at the foot of which the town lies, the distant mountains, the sea, the bay, the shipping, the orange and lemon trees, the dusky olive woods, contrasted with the white country-houses; while the air is perfumed with roses and geranium, and this, too, in the month of January.

Here we remained, living on board the Ionian yacht. On the 8th, the weather was squally and disagreeable; the party dined on board the Merlin, and had some difficulty in getting there and back in the boat. Next day, towards evening, the City of Dublin steamer arrived; and we found our children, whom we had left at Corfù to follow us, safe. They had had a bad passage, and suffered much from stormy weather and a severe earthquake off Patras, which we had not felt in the least, so partial are these shocks.

We had a run of fifty hours to Malta, where we arrived at one o'clock on the morning of the 12th. The excuse, however, of having seen the harbour

light before twelve o'clock on Monday night was admitted, and we were transferred from this dirty vessel to the Lazzaretto, and allowed to count our quarantine from the 11th; and in this dreary abode, with stone floors and stone walls, cut off from the rest of the world, we vegetated five whole days. On the 7th of exile, and 17th of the month, we were allowed to issue forth; and the governor, Sir Henry Bouverie, having, with great consideration, lent us his country-house, "The Lions," a charming summer residence, about three miles from Valetta, with a beautiful garden filled with orange and lemon trees, we proceeded to settle ourselves there.

The harbours here are fine, deep, and spacious, and Valetta seems a large, clean town; but the whole appearance of the island is bleak and barren; not a tree, nor bit of green, nor shade for the eye to rest on; all is rock, stone, glare, dust, and sun; except a cactus, or an occasional prickly pear, nothing like a shrub or hedge is visible. The stone is yellow and soft, but sightly for building, and the effect clean and pretty. On

the 18th we dined with a large party at the Governor's.

Three weeks at Malta, one of which was spent in quarantine, that most irritating, aggravating, and worrying position, passed slowly enough, and we joyfully accepted the offer of being taken in the Dream, to see Sicily, on our way to Naples. We had seen the lions of Malta, and had sufficiently deplored its barrenness and dullness: we likewise visited the cathedral of St. John, which, in days of yore, when the paintings were bright and the gildings fresh, must have been gorgeously magnificent. The pavement is of *pietra dura*, covering the tombs of the knights; the altar has the rails and doors of solid silver, and was saved by being painted black during the time of the French, who committed various barbarous atrocities, pillaged every thing, and broke and defaced much of the fine pavement.

On the 1st of February we embarked on board the Dream, accompanied, as usual, by the Merlin, and joined by the Thérèse, Lord Desart's cutter. In the morning a bright sun and a fresh wind gave

every hope of a favourable passage. We left the harbour filled with our gallant vessels of war, the Ganges, the Implacable, and the Edinburgh in quarantine; the Hastings and the Asia ready, the latter preparing, for sea. When we were outside, it was discovered that the wind would not serve so well for Messina as to go round the other side of the island of Sicily to Palermo, the principal object of interest; we therefore were obliged to give up the former. We were soon abandoned by Lord Desart, whose destination was Alexandria.

The evening of the second day brought us within twenty miles of Palermo, in sight of a commanding, wild, bold coast. Here we lay becalmed, viewing the mountains we so anxiously wished to get round. While we were listlessly gazing on the glassy deep, a turtle was discovered asleep. Some of the sailors proposed trying to catch it; accordingly the boat was lowered, and they approached so gently as not to disturb its slumbers, till with a boat-hook they turned it over on its back, before it had time to recover itself. It was a small one, of the hawk-billed description, and,

consequently, not of the best sort. Nevertheless, we put it in a bucket of water, and fed it with bread. Another was seen, but, being wider awake than its companion, was not caught.

Early on the morning of the 4th we entered the bay of Palermo. The weather was delicious, and as warm as July, and it was impossible to decide which was the clearer and brighter, the sea or the sky, though both were of that deep blue never seen in our gloomy isle. The first impression at Palermo is that of finding oneself in a deserted place, surrounded by faded grandeur, and remains of better days; but the beauty of the situation, and the picturesque appearance of the whole, baffle description. The churches, palaces, and houses are generally pretty good, and a quay, or raised terrace by the sea, called the Marina, is overlooked by fine buildings, ending with gardens much to be admired. Still I was disappointed, as I vainly sought the Asiatic minarets and eastern palm-trees, described by Mrs. Starke. However, after the stony barrenness of Malta, the shade, the verdure, and the foliage, were doubly refreshing. The

people at the custom-house were extremely troublesome, and insisted upon opening every box, which, considering our stay was not to exceed thirty-six hours, seemed an unnecessary ceremony. The inn was straggling and dirty, combining the luxury of satin mattresses, with tiled floors and unwashed stone stairs. While our luggage was unpacking, we drove to La Favorita, the summer palace of the king. The road lay through an avenue of pepper-trees, groves of orange and lemon, and olive-woods. The distance is about four miles from Palermo; roses and hyacinths were in full bloom, with a July day. The gardens are neglected and ill kept, but with little trouble might be restored to their pristine excellence. We passed a fountain surrounded by yew-trees of great size, and entered this Chinese villa. We climbed to the top, and were repaid by a magnificent view of the high mountains, Monte Pellegrino, with its rugged ascent, and the distant city; while the blue sea was likewise visible on three sides.

We then drove to the Palazzo Reale. It is necessary to be provided with orders for admit-

tance, but these are not refused, nor is there any difficulty about procuring them. The chapel of the palace is remarkable; it is not large, but in good taste, and lined with gold mosaic. This old style is both precious and costly, and the figures look like lapis lazuli, while the ground is the best ducat gold. Every thing is done in *pietra dura*; twelve Egyptian marble columns support the roof, as well as others of valuable porphyry. In the time of the Saracens this church was a mosque. The doors are modern, only just finished; they are handsome, of inlaid wood, with two pieces of elaborate carving, one of "Our Saviour's walking on the Sea," the other, "Giving the Keys to Saint Peter." They were a year making, and cost £140.

Near this church is the *duomo*, the exterior of which has great merit, but the inside is poor and cold, and struck me as out of proportion, and too long for its width. The shrine of St. Rosalia was by chance open, and we had thus an opportunity of seeing the famous sarcophagus, which is of silver, and said to weigh between 1200 and 1300 pounds.

Next day we visited some of the marble shops,

and, having purchased some tables of the different Sicilian specimens, finding the day cloudy, and the ascent to the top of Monte Pellegrino rugged and long, we abandoned the attempt, and drove to Montreale, a town about four miles off. The view as we wound round the ascent to the cathedral repaid us for all our trouble. The building itself is ancient and costly, with a profusion of marbles, *pietra dura*, and fine old mosaics.

In the evening we embarked. A silver moon made the scene as light as day, and it was with regret that we bid adieu to Palermo. The night was calm, but a breeze brought us in twenty-four hours off Capri. Here, however, we were obliged to lay-to till day, and, the wind getting up, added to a disagreeable short sea, caused us to spend two or three uncomfortable hours till daylight, when we entered the Bay of Naples, and anchored about the same time as the French steamer which brought our children, who had come direct from Malta. The day was passed by Lord L. in searching for a lodging; and, after much difficulty, it was determined that we should dine on board the Dream,

and then take possession of rooms at the Belle Vue Hôtel. These we found inconvenient, bad, and small. We went the next evening to see the St. Carlos, so famed as a theatre. It is larger than our Opera House, but not so large as the Scala at Milan; still, I admire it more than the latter, for its shape and decorations. The effect when lighted up must be beautiful. There seemed, however, little chance of our witnessing this exhibition, as it is only done on great fêtes. The singing was bad, the dancing worse, and the only thing to be admired is the *coup d'œil* of the theatre. We found afterwards the apartments at the Vittoria, recently occupied by Queen Adelaide, vacant, and accordingly we engaged them. On moving in, however, they proved as little desirable as our previous quarters, but, having engaged them for a month, there was no resource but patience.

During the remainder of the carnival, at which period we had arrived, balls were given every night. The first I attended was at Count Lebzeltern's, the Austrian minister: he is married to a Russian lady, of the Troubetskoi family. The house

is good, and the ball-room fine, well lighted, and tastefully decorated. We were presented to the king and queen. The latter, who is near her confinement, appeared suffering. She is an Austrian, a daughter of the Archduke Charles, and seems a good-natured little person. The king conversed with me for some time. The next ball I went to was at Baron Rothschild's, the banker. This family, by their wealth and hospitality, *font la pluie et le beau temps* at Naples. The fête was perfect of the kind, the court was present, the dresses bright and elegant, and the supper, which the company did not seem to spare, magnificent.

I was then prevented by illness from going out for some days, and my first "sortie" was for the court ball. The palace, as I had afterwards an opportunity of judging by going over the whole, is one of the most regal in Europe, and is of surprising size. Part of it has been rebuilt by the present king, but much remains to be done. Magnificence and taste are combined in every detail. Thick French velvets, carpets strewed with the brightest wreaths of flowers, damask and satin

hangings from Lyons of every hue, gorgeous gildings and dazzling lustres, adorn the endless suites of splendid state apartments; while the private suites, with scagliola floors and brilliant paintings, done from designs at Pompeii, are equally to be noticed, though in a more simple taste. The altar-piece in the chapel is richly inlaid with lapis lazuli, agates and gold. The situation of this truly royal residence is well chosen, communicating with the St. Carlos theatre. Masked balls are given at the latter on Thursdays and Sundays during the carnival; the pit is boarded, the house illuminated, and parties are formed to sup in the boxes, which are thrown together for the occasion. We availed ourselves of Baron Rothschild's box to view the novel scene, but when we arrived at eleven o'clock not a candle was lighted. I afterwards learnt from the queen that her plan for the enjoyment of this gaiety was to go to bed at seven, and get up at eleven or twelve o'clock. I ventured to ask her majesty how she had courage to leave her bed, and how she succeeded in waking herself up? She told me this was done by washing

her face in vinegar and water, and that she was ready for her supper at one o'clock, and that from that moment, till two or three, was the gayest and best part of the ball.

A fête was given by the French ambassador, the Duke de Montebello, an agreeable gentlemanlike man, married to a handsome English woman, Miss Jenkinson; it was in the Acton palace, which is said to be one of the best houses at Naples. The garden was illuminated, and the ball-room had an inlaid *parquet*, which appeared delightful for the dancers, after the carpeted, marble, stone, or tiled floors in other houses. The court, as usual, were here, the king often joining in the dance. I heard a curious circumstance respecting this house: it is for sale, but, no one being rich enough to make the entire purchase, it was said it would be disposed of by rooms, and, as it is all passage, I do not envy the persons who may inhabit it piecemeal, though as a whole it is a delightful residence.

On Sunday we attended church; the service is performed in a long room, and so well attended,

that it is difficult to obtain seats. During the afternoon the band plays in the Villa Reale, a garden by the sea, that is the great resort and public promenade of Naples. I went next day to a ball given at the Academy; it was remarkably well managed, although a public one. A fine room, supported by four pillars, and brilliantly lighted, was filled with dancers, while double rows of seats were placed round the room for the *chaperons*.

Shrove Tuesday, being the last day of the carnival, was spent by the people in the Corso in pelting and being pelted, an amusement in which I own I never could see any fun. Having driven there perfectly unconscious of what was going on, I had not taken the necessary precaution of putting down the glasses of the carriage, and in one moment they were smashed by the sugar-plums, to the delight of the people, who seldom have so great a treat, or meet with any one so little initiated in carnival rejoicing. A fancy ball was given by the Russian minister, and a quadrille of brigands was well got up.

The gaieties being over, we had more time and strength for morning expeditions. We drove one day to Lady Blessington's lovely but deserted villa, the Belvidere palace. It is a little way out of Naples, situated on a height, and commands an extensive view of the far-famed bay. I have heard comparisons drawn between it and the Bosphorus, but I cannot go so far as to prefer it to the latter, where the two shores of Europe and Asia, the purple sea, the hills on either side covered with white minarets, graceful mosques, and tall cypresses, the three great cities, Pera, Galata, and Stamboul, seem all spread as on a map. In short, Constantinople, *à cheval sur la mer entre deux parties du monde*, when aided by climate, and the colouring of an eastern sun, certainly presents a spectacle so unrivalled as to defy comparison. Here, however, the bay and the magnificent range of mountains, the smoking volcano, the islands of Capri, &c., and the extraordinary formation of the shore, no doubt claim their share of merit, which I am most ready to admit.

The museum is a building to which every day

adds interest, as new discoveries are made, and fresh treasures excavated at Pompeii and Herculaneum. The library is a great room, with a wonderful echo. The Severin chapel contains specimens of sculpture; a veiled female, representing Modesty, is admirably executed, and a man, extricating himself from a net, emblematical of the struggle to get free from the toils of Vice, is beautifully done in marble. A dead Christ is also worthy of note.

We one day visited a quarter of the city occupied by the Jews, and called Old Naples. Here are alleys of small shops, principally filled with jewellery of an inferior description; but the scene is curious, and reminded me of the Bezensteins at Constantinople.

After a fortnight's residence at the Hôtel Vittoria, we were unable to bear any longer the discomfort of it, and at last determined to move to the Crocelli, a large and good hotel.

We visited Pompeii, a curious and interesting place, seen with tenfold pleasure after reading Sir E. Bulwer's novel. The baths pleased me particu-

larly, and the freshness of some of the fresco paintings and mosaic pavements is wonderful, when one considers that eighteen centuries have passed over them. It is this reflection that gives so much interest to Pompeii, for I own I was disappointed at finding the houses in such complete ruin. Herculaneum is actually under Portici, but I was afraid of the cold and damp, and did not visit it.

At this time we received the distressing intelligence of the calamitous fire at Wynyard, and the destruction of every thing we had passed twenty years in collecting and constructing. We were overwhelmed with grief, and a severe illness confined me for three weeks to my bed, and prevented my seeing more of the wonders of Naples. We met with universal sympathy and kindness during this period of moral and physical suffering.

CHAPTER VIII.

Departure from Naples—Mola di Gaeta—Albano—Arrival at Rome—St. Peter's—Studios of Rome—The English sculptors, Macdonald and Gibson; Thorwaldsen, Guaccarini, Terraciani—Extraordinary model of Pæstum—The Capitol—Anecdote—Borghese Gallery—Doria Palace—St. Peter's on Palm Sunday—Torlonia Palace—St. John of Lateran—Borghese Chapel—The death of Youth—Villa Borghese—The Pantheon—Departure from Rome—Impositions of Postmasters—Road to Florence—Schneider's Hotel—Bartolini—Pitti Palace—Leghorn—Steam to Marseilles—Home.

HUNGARIAN REFERENCE
NEW YORK, N. Y.
LIBRARY

CHAPTER VIII.

As soon as I was sufficiently recovered to move, we determined to bend our steps toward our ruined home, and see the extent of desolation. Accordingly, on Thursday, the 25th, we left Naples in a heavy laden britzska; the children being all packed in an enormous berlin or diligence which we hired for the occasion. The roads are excellent and the driving good, and we easily reached Mola di Gaeta that night. Here we found comfortable beds and a good supper, prepared at the Villa Cicerone, a very tolerable hotel, and next morning we were delighted with the view around us. The beautiful bay, the calm blue sea, the olive forests, the citron and olive grove, reminded me once more of Spain.

We had a long day over the Pontine Marshes

to Villetri. Next day, we passed through some pretty country, to Albano; here we were met by the disagreeable tidings that no lodgings were to be had in Rome. We however went on, and had the pleasure of sitting in the carriage while the different hotels, "de l'Europe," "de Russie," &c., were examined; at last we took possession, for a week, of the Duchess of Cambridge's suite of apartments, at Les Iles Britanniques.

Next day, Sunday the 28th, we hurried off, with uncontrollable impatience, to St. Peter's. Sixteen years ago it struck me as the grandest thing imaginable. Since that period, we had gazed on the Kremlin at Moscow, and the Kasan Church at Petersburgh, under a cold northern sky; we had admired the Seville Cathedral, under a burning southern sun; we had stood in St. Sophia, and seen it filled with turbaned Moslemin;—but all faded before this immense, this magnificent, this highly-finished and unique Temple. Eustace's account of this unrivalled fabric is the clearest, truest, and best ever given.

He concludes it by saying, "In magnitude, ele-

vation, opulence, and beauty, the Church of St. Peter's has no rival, and bears no comparison in neatness, cleanliness, and convenience, so necessary to the advantageous display of magnificence: if anywhere equalled, it can nowhere be surpassed. It is cool in summer, and in winter dry and warm; the portals are ever open, and whether attracted by devotion or curiosity, every one may range over it at leisure, and without being molested or even noticed, either to contemplate its beauties or to pour out fervent prayers before its altars. Thus, the Basilica Vaticana unites the perfection of art with the beauty of holiness, and may justly claim the affection and reverence of the traveller, both as the temple of taste and the sanctuary of religion."

It was Lent, and unfortunately for us the great Mosaics are always covered during that period, while scaffolding was erecting for the ceremonies of the Holy Week.

The Studios next demanded our attention; and we commenced by visiting Macdonald, a Scotch artist, whose branch of sculpture is principally

busts, some of which are wonderfully like. His rooms were lined with casts of well-known faces, Lord and Lady Canning, Lord and Lady Abercorn, Lord and Lady Powerscourt, Lord Douglas, Miss Stuart, &c. Our stay was too short for the execution of a bust, even had I been tempted to add mine to the collection. His price is £50.

We next went to Gibson, the first artist in Rome, excepting Thorwaldsen. He is a Welshman, but has resided here for twenty years. He declines executing busts and statues, and prefers fancy subjects. We saw a beautiful groupe just finished for the Grand Duke of Russia, two colossal statues of Mr. Huskisson, a Shepherd Love for Lord Crewe, and a fine design of a Hunter holding his Dog. Most of the statues were priced at three or four hundred guineas. Mr. Gibson conducted us to Mr. Wyatt's studio, and here we saw a beautiful piece of sculpture—a Nymph undressing for the Bath.

Thorwaldsen's *atélier* was the finest of all, though the presence of the master spirit was wanting, he being gone to his native land, to place the colossal statues of our Saviour and the Twelve Apostles in

the great Church at Copenhagen. A pupil of his, however, shewed us all, and then conducted us to his own works, where I saw a pretty statue of Bacchus, for which he demanded £150. He rejected our offer of £100, but some time afterwards he sent to say he would accept it. Here we saw also several fine statues for the Duke of Torlonia.

We next went to Guaccarini's, who was recommended to us by Baron Rothschild, and who is taken up principally with the execution of busts, which he does for thirty napoleons; but they are far inferior to Macdonald's. He undertook to model my hand, and a most disagreeable operation I found it.

At Terraciani's we saw busts and figures of Lord Abercorn's children; but we had no time to undertake any thing. He shewed us a Flora just finished for Baron Rothschild, at Naples. Bien Aimée, another Italian sculptor, had some very admirable statues; and here I bought some marble slabs for tables. Vanderben's studio contained but one object of interest, a colossal statue of Eve, at the moment the Serpent is offering the

apple. It is executed for a Prussian Count. I did not admire this extraordinary statue. The face was not interesting, and the size prevented that delicacy and perfection of proportion so requisite for female loveliness. Wolfe has executed two figures of Amazons, one wounded and supported by the other, for Lord Grosvenor. Gott's studio contains some very clever works—a Gladiator, a Dancing Girl, and many others. He is an Englishman, and has acknowledged talent.

Running hastily through these studios, the mind gets confused and bewildered; and it would require time and repeated visits to define accurately and justly the merits of all one sees.

In the shops there is a great sameness; the same models, the same mosaics, the same columns, the same tables of variegated marble; and I saw nothing very remarkable excepting at Rinaldi's, where a picture of the Temples at Pæstum, in the finest mosaic, was for sale, at the price of one thousand guineas; and at Sibella's a large malachite table, ornamented with bouquets of *pietra dura*, and a slab of lapis lazuli: for this £1,800 was asked.

The Capitol is only open for two hours one day in the week. In the middle of the square are a fine equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, and the statues of Castor and Pollux, each holding his horse. One side of this palace is filled with antique statues, among them the famous one of the Dying Gladiator. Here also are those matchless antique statues, the Laocoon, the Apollo Belvidere, and a fine Cleopatra. In another small hall are three beautiful works of Canova, the Antinous, and two Gladiators. An immense porphyry bath is also placed in one of the halls.

The pictures are not so favoured as the statues. The latter are arranged in fine lofty galleries, while the former are ill placed in dark, bad rooms. The Transfiguration, by Raphael, and the St. Jerome, of Domenichino, are however better treated, and meet with the respect and admiration they merit. Here are the famed sybils, one by Guercino, the other by Domenichino, some Albason, and a Guido Reni of great beauty, the subject, a soul in the state of beatitude.

Our cicerone showed us a Correggio, the only

one, he said, in Rome; and he related a story, that it had been purchased by an English nobleman at Bologna, but that the Government, hearing of this, would not allow it to leave the country, and bought it themselves. I was not a little surprised to find that Lord Londonderry was the nobleman alluded to.

We visited the Borghese Gallery, which is open every day till three o'clock. The cold was intense, and I was afraid to linger. The rooms are on the ground floor, and were filled with artists, copying different pictures. In this respect great liberality is shown, and the collection thrown open, to the advantage and improvement of the public. The most remarkable picture here is that of Cæsar Borgia by Raphael. It was sad to walk through these halls, attended by the servants in deep mourning for the young princess, who, with three of her infant children, were carried off by scarlet fever in twenty-two days.

From hence we went to the Doria Palace; and, having gone through the gallery and admired the Claudes and Guercinos, we requested permission

to see the princess's apartments. Having known her in England, and often invited her to my own parties, I rather flattered myself she would have received us graciously. I was, however, greatly mistaken, for, after waiting a little time, the servant brought an answer that the Princess was in her room, that consequently the apartments were not to be seen that day, but that we might return on some other occasion.

Our departure from Rome being fixed, the last day was a busy one. I did not attempt to enter St. Peter's on Palm Sunday, feeling weak and unequal to the exertion, consequently I lost a very interesting and imposing spectacle; the procession of the Pope and the Cardinals, and the raising and blessing of the palms, take place on this occasion. Early on Monday morning we went to the Torlonia Palace. It is to be finished in three or four years, and two hundred workmen are constantly employed. The entrance into a court filled with statues and marble seats is fine. Folding doors on one side opened on a beautiful groupe of Gibson's. I know not if it is bad taste, but I own

I admire some slight lines and tips of gold mixed with the white marble. Perhaps it is not strictly correct, but the effect is certainly very pretty. The staircase is entirely marble, and continuing to the third story, the *dado* of the same, and the walls scagliola, the whole of the finest polish. The first floor is for state reception. The whole was filled with workmen and scaffolding, and was in a most unfinished state. At the end of an immense gallery, under a fine dome, stood Canova's colossal statue of Hercules. The second floor was in the same style. Furniture had arrived from Paris, but was not unpacked. The third, the highest and last floor, was destined for the occupation of the family, who certainly do not appear to understand the luxury of comfort, however much they may enjoy the advantage of wealth. Here we were first shown a beautiful little Gothic chapel, painted and gilt, and really a perfect gem. The rooms were smaller, and fitted up with taste and elegance, in different coloured silks and velvets. The marble chimney-pieces were small, beautiful, and of snowy whiteness ; the windows commanded a view of the Corso.

We next visited St. Giovanni di Lateran, a church of great size, and filled with magnificent marbles. The pavement is mosaic; and there are colossal marble statues of the twelve apostles, six on each side. They are of single blocks, and cost 500 scudi each. The Corsini chapel contains much fine sculpture, several columns of *verde antique*, and a porphyry tomb of Agrippa, found in the Pantheon.

From hence we drove to the Santa Maria Maggiore church, which stands on the summit of the Esquiline hill. The nave is supported by Ionic columns of white marble, and this gives more the appearance of a gallery than a church. We were met by an old monk, who refused our request to see the Borghese chapel, till we had seen that of Sixtus, as he said the most beautiful should always be reserved till the last. It is, however, very fine, filled with sculpture, fine marbles, and *verde antique* columns.

The Borghese chapel is the richest in Rome; the altar-piece and altar are of lapis lazuli, encrusted with precious stones. The rarest alabas-

ter abounds here. Under the fine pavement of this splendid chapel,

"Without a stone to mark the spot,"

lay the young princess and her children. I cannot describe the mournful impression and melancholy feelings this sad event produced in my mind. To behold any young creature beginning life in so brilliant and happy a position is pleasing and interesting; to hear she was suddenly snatched away by unlooked-for sickness and rapid disease, is painful and distressing even to a passing stranger, and awakens serious reflection on the transitory and fleeting nature of all worldly grandeur and earthly happiness; but to witness a young mother and three infant children carried off "at one fell swoop" is heartrending, and casts a gloom it is difficult, if not impossible, to shake off, till "change of scene brings change of thought."

The Villa Borghese is about a mile from Rome, and a great resource to the inhabitants, who walk, drive, and ride here. It is laid out in the Italian style and much decorated, though now neglected and ill kept. The house is literally on the ground

floor, lined and filled with marbles and statues, and upstairs is placed the famous and beautiful statue of Venere Vincitrice.

We saw the Pantheon, which is the oldest church in Rome, and is ill kept and in a dilapidated state, stripped, as it now is, of all its finest things. And thus ended our sight-seeing in Rome, which we prepared to leave next day, Tuesday, 6th, after a brief but most interesting residence of only ten days.

We left Rome by the Piazza del Popolo, the finest entrance into the Holy City. Our first day was to Viterbo; though only six posts and a half, we were nearly eleven hours toiling at it; but in the Roman States every thing proves bad government; and bad roads, bad horses, bad, insolent, postillions delayed us at every stage, while the cheating about the number of horses was quite unbearable. We resisted the demand of six horses for a britzska with six people, that had always travelled with only four; but it was in vain to seek redress from such imposition: neither postmaster nor director were even visible; and, instead of finding,

as in France, where all this is admirably arranged, a book wherein one's grievances could be stated, for five posts we were forced to submit to cheating, insolence, and extortion. At Ronciglione we, however, found a civil director, who spoke French (an insolent ostler having produced a tariff, dated 1816.) But, although he declared we were right, and had been grossly cheated, the only change effected was that eight horses were attached, and we were expected to pay for only six.

Once out of the Roman states all went smoothly; the four horses were ready, no more were proposed, and, from the happy hour we bade the Papal territory adieu, not a dispute arose or an unreasonable demand was made, and we reached Florence in safety. We found it impossible to make the journey in less than four days, and we slept the last night at a wretched inn, at a small place called St. Chirico. I should not advise any one to follow our example.

From Sienna to Florence, the road lies through a beautiful country; the vine seems to flourish and to receive great care and cultivation. We admired

the distant view of the Duomo, while we wound round the deep ravine previous to entering Florence, and we proceeded to take possession of our apartments at Schneider's Hotel.

My first visit was to Bartolini, the sculptor. I found little change in him, although sixteen or eighteen years had flown since we had last met, and his labours and anxieties seemed daily increasing. I was very much gratified by seeing the studio of this great artist: it is full of interest. Notwithstanding, however, the shortness of our stay, and the multiplicity of his engagements, I succeeded in prevailing upon him to undertake a bust of my son, in which he succeeded with his usual skill.

Being Easter time, the galleries were closed, and it was with some difficulty we gained permission to walk through the Pitti Palace, and gaze once more on that matchless collection of pictures.

From Florence we had a short journey to Leghorn, where we remained one night. We took a hasty view of the different marble shops, and

having made some purchases of tables, chimney pieces, slabs, &c., we embarked in the evening in the Amsterdam steamer, which is reckoned the best between Naples and Marseilles.

The night was rough and disagreeable; but, disliking the accommodation below, I remained on deck in the carriage till the next morning, when we found ourselves at Genoa, with leave to go on shore for the day, a permission of which we gladly availed ourselves. Four or five hurried hours afford, however, but little facility for seeing this City of Palaces, which would employ weeks to do it justice. At four o'clock in the afternoon, we were obliged to return to the steamer; and we had a good passage of about twenty hours to Marseilles, from whence we took that well-known and uninteresting route by Lyons to Paris, and, after a short rest there, returned to England in May.

NARRATIVE OF A TOUR

IN

PORTUGAL, SPAIN, &c.

CHAPTER I.

Departure — Falmouth — The Braganza steamer — Cape Finisterre — Vigo — Lisbon — Filth and poverty of the people — High mass—The Queen of Portugal — Dogs in the church—Visit to the Duke of Terceira—Cintra—The Cork Convent—Penha Verde—The Queen's palace—The Marialva palace — Montserrat and Mr. Beckford — Mafra — Its vast extent—Return to Lisbon — Departure for Cadiz.

NARRATIVE OF A TOUR

IN

PORTUGAL, SPAIN, &c.

CHAPTER I.

On Friday, September 13, 1839, we left London for Falmouth. While the younger branches of the family, with the servants and baggage, made the best of their way to Blackwall, we proceeded in our little britzska, by the Southampton railway, to Basingstoke, on our way to the Deptford Inn. The next day we were to have reached Bodmin, a distance of one hundred and thirty miles; but finding this impossible, we passed the night at Launceston, a wretched place, and on Sunday arrived at Falmouth. This journey is peculiarly

tedious, and rendered still more so by the long stages of eighteen and twenty miles, the scarcity of fine places, and the hilly roads. The difference between the picturesque scenery of Devonshire, its shady lanes, rustic cottages, and pretty villages, and the barren plains of Cornwall, is strongly marked. I must not, however, forget to mention the beautiful place of Mr. Vivian, near Truro; and Tregothnan Castle, belonging to Lord Falmouth.

We found the Braganza steamer anchored in Falmouth bay, after having had a very rough passage, and encountered a severe gale on the Friday night. The weather still looked wild and stormy; but, on the morning of the 16th, hopes were held out of an improvement, in consequence of the glass rising, and the change of the moon. We therefore took courage and embarked. The steamer was a fine vessel; but, as an inferior one had sailed for Lisbon the week before, and a notoriously slow one was expected to make the next voyage, every body had made a point of securing their passage by the Braganza, and sixty cabin passengers were too

many for comfort, were comfort compatible with a steamer.

The whole of Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, were passed in the dreadful suffering and misery attendant on sea-sickness. The horror of nights of rolling, pitching, tossing, is indescribable; the smell, the heat, the suffocation, every annoyance was at its worst. The wind was dead against us, with a heavy sea, constant squalls, and torrents of rain.

At four o'clock, Thursday morning, off Cape Finisterre, a violent crash struck consternation into the bosoms of all on board. Sleepers awoke, the sick forgot their woes, and all ears with terror heard the lieutenant of the watch call down the companion, "She's ashore—we are all lost!" This resounded on every side: "rocks, breakers, lost!" were all I could catch. For a moment the suspense was awful: however, the vessel, though injured, went ahead, and it was discovered that one of the paddles had been damaged by the shock she had sustained. What she had struck against must ever remain a mystery. It was pitch dark, and not

a sound was heard; the captain seemed of opinion that it could not be a small vessel (which assurance greatly relieved us), and declared positively it was not a rock, but, most probably, a large piece of floating wreck, or some water-logged craft.

Next morning we reached Vigo, where we anchored to repair the damage, and some of the party went ashore to bring fruit, fresh water, &c. About a dozen Spanish boats, filled with dirty, squalid-looking beings, gathered round the vessel. After remaining a couple of hours, we again started, and on Saturday morning found the Berlingas in sight. These rocks are sixty miles from Lisbon, and the news gave universal satisfaction. One by one the wretched sufferers appeared, crawling on deck, to rejoice in the lovely weather and the southern sky. Vimeira, Mafra, Cintra, were passed, and we entered the Tagus between Fort St. Julian and the Bugio lighthouse. Belém Castle, another fort close to Lisbon, is an old Moorish building, and is very striking.

The approach to Lisbon by water is extremely picturesque. On the one side are seen the Alemtejo

mountains, and on the other the city, which, beheld from a distance, is clean and white. There is some resemblance to Stockholm, but I think the latter far more beautiful, and the scenery finer. We anchored opposite the Black Horse Square, which, by the light of a lovely moon, reminded me of the Place St. Mark at Venice. The Hercules and Donegal, two line-of-battle ships, and the Benbow were here; and the admiral having kindly sent his barge, after some difficulty, and much arguing with the police and custom-house officers, we were at last allowed to land, and seek apartments in an hotel kept by an English woman. Here we ultimately settled, after some fruitless attempts to procure a private lodging, or find a better hotel.

Sunday and Monday were passed in rest and repose, after the fatigue of the passage. I had always heard of Lisbon as a detestable residence, but the reality far surpassed my anticipations; the smell, the disturbances, and discomforts of all sorts, the impossibility of walking, driving, moving, breathing, without having every sense offended, are

very annoying; and the noise, day and night, precludes all rest and sleep.

The Black Horse Square is the principal great place of parade, and has a fine equestrian statue of John V. From this place branch three streets, the Gold, the Silver, and the Cloth streets. Certainly the first two ill deserve their names, for the shops that are dignified by the title of jewellers' would be unworthy of figuring as booths at a fair.

The filth and poverty of the people are very striking; they are a miserable, decayed-looking population. The soldiers seen here and there give but an indifferent idea of what the troops must be at present: while ruins, heaps of rubbish and unfinished buildings, attest the want of energy and slothful nature of the people. Nothing is completed —nothing is cleared away. On one side, you see the mischief done by the earthquake; on the other, the effects of the great fire; and, though years have rolled over the scene of destruction, the confusion remains the same. In some places, fine *trottoirs* have been made. The carriages, which are drawn by two mules, are the worst I ever saw, being

wretched high cabriolets, as difficult to scramble into as they are to remain in without being thrown forward; while, to get out of them in safety seems a feat nearly impossible. The carts are equally uncouth, and drawn by oxen. The mules here are beautiful, and appear very gentle.

Tuesday, the 24th, being the anniversary of Don Pedro's death, high mass was performed at the Sé, or great cathedral, and we were anxious to assist at the ceremony. We had brought letters for several people, and, among others, for the Duke de Terceira, who kindly came to us and offered his carriage, for which we were most grateful. It was an English chariot, drawn by two mules; and, on arriving at the church, we found that places were provided for us near the altar. The archbishop took us into a vault adjoining, and showed us the coffin of Don Pedro, covered with black and gold, having on it the crowns of Portugal and Brazil; also the *catafalque* of the ill-fated Prince of Leuchtenberg, who was, for two months only, the husband of the young queen.

The body of the church was filled with troops,

officers, and ministers, in uniform. Soon after the queen arrived, and was led into her *tribune*, which was more like a box at a theatre than a pew in a church. She was dressed in black, and is very large, notwithstanding her youth. Her present husband, Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, is good-looking, fair, and so young that he appears quite boyish. The patriarch, a venerable old man, who, I was told, was the head of the Lusitanian church, was carried by the priests in an arm-chair, and placed opposite the queen.

The service commenced; the music was very good; about twenty voices were accompanied by an orchestra of violins. This latter instrument is so associated with the idea of a theatre that it appears to me particularly ill-suited for a cathedral, where, I think, none but an organ admissible; though I still prefer the simple and solemn music of the Greek church, where multitudes of voices address their Creator, unaided by any instrument. I observed several dogs literally on the steps of the altar, where they ran about unreproved, nor did their appearance seem to create any surprise. After

the service, the king and queen, and all the great officers and ministers, entered the vault, where they remained about a quarter of an hour.

We then went to call on the Duchess de Terceira, and had a hot drive of four miles to a pleasant house on the banks of the Tagus. It was fitted up in the English fashion, and looked deliciously cool, with its fresh chintzes and nice mats. This residence is, I believe, attached to the duke's situation as Governor of Belém Castle. He is, besides, Master of the Horse to the Queen. He was very kind, and constantly placed his equipages at our disposal. It was arranged that we should dine there the following Saturday.

For two days the heat was so oppressive that I remained at home. On the Friday, Sir John Ommanney invited us to go on board the Donegal, a large man-of-war, anchored in the Tagus. We accepted the invitation, and were much gratified with the inspection. She is, however, a very old vessel, and was one of those composing the squadron under Lord St. Vincent, sent out to Lisbon in 1806, for the purpose of escorting the Prince Regent of Por-

tugal to Brazil. She is not to be compared with the Britannia, of 120 guns, which had been shown me at Plymouth.

The party at the Duke of Terceira's was small, and the dinner long. The conversation was generally carried on in Portuguese, though they addressed me in French. Nothing could be more amusing than the assemblage of different servants that waited at dinner, including, among other varieties, a Moor, and a small boy dressed like an English tiger, in boots and leathers.

After a week's residence at Lisbon, the arrival of the English packet without letters for us, and the return of the Braganza from Gibraltar, we determined on making an excursion to Cintra, and accordingly, set out on Sunday afternoon. The baggage was sent on before in a cart, and the two servants in a vehicle something like a cabriolet, high, hung very forward, and equally difficult to mount, descend from, or remain in. Lord L. and I followed in a chariot and four (which sounds very grand), and I had promised myself a comfortable drive. We were informed it would require

three hours to accomplish the sixteen miles. My expectations vanished on seeing our machine, which certainly was ill-fitted even to contain two persons, much less make them comfortable. I know not what to compare it to, except a small, hard, ill-made, old arm-chair, covered over, pitched forward, and placed very high; and into this we scrambled. The pavement and the jolting were beyond all description dreadful. It was impossible to converse; the noise blunted every sense; one could neither speak, hear, nor see; and found plenty of employment in the vain endeavour to steady oneself, so as to resist the jolts and jerks. Half way we stopped to feed the mules, which seemed to enjoy their bread and wine extremely, and we proceeded with renewed vigour.

The face of the country strikes a stranger very much, as does also the mixture of barren and waste land with the luxuriance of vegetation. The aloe hedges form a good fence, but their beauty was destroyed by the heat and drought of summer, and they looked curled up like sea-weed. We passed several *quintas*, or villas, that seemed in a

fallen, ruinous state; but it appeared to me as if very little exertion would be requisite to make them not only habitable, but enjoyable. As we approached Cintra, the great range of craggy mountains became visible, and we could distinctly discover the convent on the top of the highest, called Penha Verde. We found our rooms and dinner ready in a small cottage, belonging to the same English person in whose hotel we lodged at Lisbon.

I do not remember any description of Cintra, except Lord Byron's, that at all does justice to its singular beauty. The immense rocks, stones, and barren crags thrown about in wild confusion, the orange groves, the cork forests, the extent of view, the mountains that appear inaccessible, and the cool and quiet retreats, to which people are glad to fly from the noise and heated air of Lisbon—all are grouped in beauty and harmony.

"Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes,
In variegated maze of mount and glen.
Ah me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
To follow half on which the eye dilates

Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken,
Than those whereof such things the bard relates,
Who to the awestruck world unlocked Elysium's gates?

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd;
The cork trees hoar that clothe the craggy steep;
The mountain-moss, by scorching skies imbrowned;
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep;
The tender azure of the unruffled deep;
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough;
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap;
The vine on high, the willow branch below;
Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow."

Next morning, the rain came down in such torrents that I began to fear we should remain prisoners; however, at length, the sun regained his empire, the blue sky re-appeared, and the weather clearing, the donkeys came to the door, and we set out on our pilgrimage to the two convents, and in the first instance to that called the Cork Convent, two leagues distant. For about a mile, we followed a bad road through a charming country, stopping every moment to contemplate the beautiful views. We passed an immense orangery belonging to the Marialva Palace. We saw the loveliest shrubs and evergreens, and were

passing under the shade of the most beautiful cork trees, when suddenly our guide turned off to a wild craggy moor, which we crossed; and after much toiling, ascending, descending, and winding, we arrived at the convent.

It is curiously constructed in the rock, and entirely fitted up with cork; walls, ceilings, chairs, being all of the same material. Here St. Honorius dug his own grave, passing the rest of his days coiled up in it, and endeavouring, as Lord Byron truly says,

"To merit heaven by making earth a hell."

A poor, lame old Portuguese, covered with rags and dirt, was our cicerone; and as none of the party spoke his language, we were deprived of any information he might have given us. We sat on some rocks, and ate our luncheon; the clear spring beside us afforded delicious water, and a heavy shower having fallen while we were under shelter, we set out again to reach the Penha Verde convent. When I saw it at a distance, it appeared to me wholly inaccessible, perched, like an eagle's nest, on the highest pinnacle of a craggy mountain

overlooking the sea; and even when, after much winding and climbing, we approached, I still doubted the powers of my donkey to carry me there, and the skill of the guide to conduct us. However, at last we reached it, and were rewarded by one of the most magnificent views imaginable.

We waited some time, and when we gained admittance, entered a chapel, where the fine altar-piece of carved white marble formed a strong contrast to the dirty leaden candlesticks placed before it. The walls were of green and white tiles. The monks have long been banished; and the building is now filled with workmen, as the king has bought it, is repairing the whole, and means to render it a delightful residence. The suite of rooms command beautiful views, and might be fitted up with the greatest luxury and comfort. In the middle of the building is a little Moorish court, paved in blue and white tiles, and surrounded by small open arches. We climbed up a little winding stone staircase to the prison. Here again we gazed on the sea, and the surrounding mountains and plains. I did not add my name to

the many I saw scrawled on the wall, and we re-mounted our donkeys, and returned to Cintra. The descent is long, but the road is much better than the one from the Cork convent; and a magnificent winding approach is now in progress, under the king's direction, who shews the best possible taste in restoring this old building; and his project has the additional merit of giving employment to a number of people.

Next day, the rain fell heavily, but we found a moment of fine weather to visit what is called the Queen's Palace; a most uncouth-looking building, when contemplated from the exterior; part of it being Saracenic, and most of it any style of architecture the gazer may choose to name it. We had some trouble to gain admittance, and, after ascending a great flight of steps, waited a little time at the door, till a dirty guide presented himself to do the honours. The palace is as miserable within as it is ugly outside. The suite of rooms occupied by the queen is uncomfortable, and badly furnished. Here and there, the *dados* and pavements, being made of glazed tiles, recal the Moors, and present

that peculiar character which all their works exhibit. At the top of the building is a billiard-room, and this is really pretty and original. The room is square, or nearly so, with windows on three sides, and the arms of the more illustrious families of Portugal painted in compartments; the walls are entirely lined with antique blue and white tiles, formed into fantastic pictures and panels. A small bath-room is arranged in a similar manner; and while we were gazing, our guide touched some unseen spring, and the freshest and purest water streamed forth on every side. We made a rapid escape into the little court to which this cool retreat opened, and here again the small Moorish fountain began to play.

We then went to the Marialva Palace, where the convention of Cintra was signed, and where Lord L. had resided during the war. We found the once beautiful lady to whom it now belongs, the Marchioness de Louriçal, and she kindly conducted us through the rooms, till she opened a door, and desired us to look out. We beheld a most extensive prospect of hill and dale; on one side the Cintra

mountains, on the other Mafra; while magnificent groves of orange and citron trees lay at our feet. From hence we proceeded to Montserrat, a place created by Mr. Beckford, and said to have been perfectly beautiful, but now it is in a sad state of decay and ruin. It is difficult to conceive how such havoc and desolation could have happened in so short a space of time.

Next day being allotted for our pilgrimage to Mafra, the packing commenced at an early hour, and at eleven o'clock we set out; some of the party walking, some on donkeys, and some conveyed by the carriages and baggage-cart; and as there was hardly the appearance of a road, and we all went at a foot's pace, we were above five hours accomplishing the three leagues. We passed over hills and through valleys that seemed highly cultivated, and where the dusky green of the olive-grounds (looking, as Landor somewhere prettily says, "like an eternal cloud of dust"), and the lighter tints of the vineyard, made a striking contrast. Arriving at Mafra, we found rooms prepared for us in a corner of this old palace, but neither

fire, furniture, nor food; still, as it was impossible to get on that night to Lisbon, we bivouacked as well as we could, and the servants cooked the provisions we had brought with us.

This enormous pile of building, called the Escurial of Portugal, was founded in the last century by King John V., and is said to be chiefly of marble. It is of surprising size, and has above five thousand windows. In the centre is the great church of the convent, with a cupola, the whole of which is lined with marble of various colours, grey, white, black, and yellow, highly polished, though not perhaps of the finest sort. Being very tired after our jolting, broiling day, we postponed seeing more till the morrow, and, after a frugal repast, retired to rest.

This immense edifice is completely destitute of furniture; nor are there any remains of carving and gilding. There is a great deal of rough marble, of various sorts, but the rooms generally are of the rudest and coarsest decoration, if such high sounding title may be given to the whitewashed walls and raftered ceiling of the suites we passed

through. The corridors, galleries, and rooms seemed endless, and we were told by the intendant who accompanied us, that a person might walk here for two days, without retracing his steps.

There is a great convent within the walls, and a fine library, 226 feet long, with a floor of variegated marble, a dome, and galleries. Here, it is said, are 60,000 volumes; and though the palace is utterly deserted and uninhabited, for I saw but two old men while there, the books seem in the best state of preservation, and not a vestige of dust or damp was to be found.

It is only by walking over the roofs, that the colossal size of this vast building can be appreciated. These are almost flat, and tiled for the purpose of promenading, with steps and balustrades; and are more like terraces or ramparts than housetops. It is, however, very sad to see this fine palace, which must have cost so much money, time, and labour, now neglected, deserted, tenantless, and falling into decay. "This is what *ought* to have been our *fleet!*" once observed a

Portuguese minister of state, to an English envoy, who was lamenting the profitless expense which this gigantic edifice had occasioned. The Duke of Wellington gave a ball to the army here, and since that time it has hardly been used.

Our journey back to Lisbon was very fatiguing; the distance is about five leagues, the heat oppressive, and the road, as usual, extremely bad.

The next day, Friday, October 4, the English packet, the Tagus, came in, and being the finest and largest on the station, we did not like to miss the opportunity of going in her to Cadiz: we therefore prepared to start the next morning. A more unpleasant and disagreeable residence than Lisbon can hardly be found. The very air is poisoned by pestilential odours; the noises never cease by day or by night, and all those that belong to town or country are blended together in dreadful harmony, or rather discord. I am aware this is strong and dark colouring; but I hardly think any person who has been there will think it exaggerated. There are few places that one takes leave of for ever without some feeling of regret, on

reflecting that the objects are seen for the last time. I confess, however, that I left Lisbon with sensations of pleasure, and looked forward with hope and eagerness to any change, feeling that must be for the better.

CHAPTER II.

Arrival at Cadiz—The harbour — Captain Lyon's yacht—City of Cadiz — English consul — Alameda—Cathedral — Passage to Seville — English boarding-house at Seville—High mass at the cathedral — Illuminations — A bull-fight—Visit to the Alcazár —Immense snuff manufactory—Murillos — Spanish convent — Abbess and nuns—Mr. Standish — Flowers — Return to Cadiz —Visit to Xeres—Mr. Gordon's cellars.

CHAPTER II.

After taking leave of the Duke of Terceira, we embarked on board the Tagus, on the morning of the 5th. The vessel was crowded with passengers, having eighty on board, when there was only accommodation for thirty; and it was with very great difficulty that a small cabin could be procured for me, and even that had less than the usual scanty allowance of light and air. I spent a miserable night, though the sea was not very rough, and after passing Cape St. Vincent, it became quite calm.

About two o'clock next day, the fair city of Cadiz appeared in sight, and lovely as it is always described and painted, the reality, for once, equalled one's expectation. The houses are of dazzling whiteness, and built with extreme regularity, and

the sky and sea of that beautiful blue, so often dreamed and read of, but so rarely seen.

There is no harbour, and there being a great many rocks, which are, somewhat unpoetically, called the Hogs and the Pigs, we anchored two miles from the town, among several other vessels. Captain Coffin, commanding an English brig-of-war, the Trinculo, instantly sent off a boat to offer to land us, after the usual ceremony of being boarded and examined by the health and police officers. A very pretty schooner yacht, the Merlin, lay near, and her boat, with Captain Lyon, came alongside. The consul likewise sent his son to assist us. But the prettiest sight of all, was a most picturesque Spanish pilot boat, gaily painted and ornamented, and with a sail placed across it. On landing and walking up to our lodging, we were instantly struck with the great contrast to Lisbon, the last being, without exception, the dirtiest and most disgusting town I had ever seen, while Cadiz appears as if just built and freshly painted. Outside the walls, we passed stalls filled with the whitest bread, in all shapes and forms, and piles of the

finest fruit. On entering the town we found the shops shut, being Sunday, but it is impossible to describe the brightness and cleanliness of this lovely place. The cool and narrow streets, the neat *trottoirs*, the white houses with green verandas, and with shutters and balconies painted in the gayest colours, are very striking. Here we found our letters, and we settled ourselves in a clean comfortable lodging kept by an Englishman.

The shops in Cadiz are good, particularly for gloves, which are said to surpass the French, and are often richly embroidered in gold, silver, or colours. With the assistance of the Misses Brackenbury, daughters of the Consul, I succeeded in making some purchases of silk, &c., and, leaving a large order for gloves, I bought a mantilla, a costume perfectly necessary while residing in Spain, where a bonnet is never seen, and where the ladies promenade with nothing else to defend their heads from the sun. The effect is very picturesque, the black lace gracefully falling over their glossy raven hair, which is arranged with bunches of natural flowers. The large fan replaces the parasol, and a

Spanish woman may be known any where, by her inimitable grace and dexterity in using it.

The house of the English consul is full of curious and pretty things, collected during a residence of thirteen years in Cadiz; pictures, cabinets, fans, fillagree, &c. The young ladies speak Spanish and play the guitar; the whole family were most kind, attentive, and hospitable. We dined there, and found an excellent dinner; but no sooner had the ladies left the room, than, as I was informed, the cigars appeared.

There are no carriages at Cadiz; the distances are short, the streets narrow, and the *trottoirs* good. I had an opportunity of ascertaining that walking was perfectly practicable in an hour after a torrent of rain. Our lodging looked into the Alaméda, or public walk; and so mild is this climate, that, at eleven o'clock at night, neither cold nor damp was to be felt; and I was told that the moon made it nearly as light as day, and that it was possible to read small print by it.

The cathedral is a very fine building of great size; the exterior is freestone, and the interior

principally marble. In one of the chapels, we were shewn a small Murillo; but it was hung too high, and there was not sufficient light, to judge of it. Having heard that fêtes, illuminations, balls, and a bull-fight were announced at Seville, to celebrate the inglorious termination of the war, by Don Carlos's betrayal, we determined on hastening to that interesting city: and on Wednesday, at eight o'clock in the morning, Mr. Brackenbury drove me down to the water's edge, where we found the Trinculo's boats, which took us on board a steamer called the Peninsula, that professed to make her passage to Seville in ten hours. Here we discovered a large party already in possession, clouds of smoke from the different cigars, and the usual smell of oil so universally used for cooking.

The morning was delicious, wind and tide favoured us, and we glided on almost imperceptibly. The country was not pretty, and the banks of the Guadalquivir flat and marshy, and I should think unhealthy. The waters looked dirty and troubled, very different from the azure sea near Cadiz. Within two hours of Seville, we met with a small

steamer, into which the passengers and luggage were transferred. The plains on each side seemed to be covered with large droves of oxen. As we approached the city, the windings of the river permitted us now and then to catch a glimpse of the fine old Gothic cathedral; the country improved, groves of orange and lemon trees appeared, mixed with pomegranates, aloes, and, here and there, a graceful palm tree.

At length we landed at a curious old tower, and the usual delay and trouble took place as to the examination of the baggage. Nothing can be more vexatious or worse managed than this ceremony in Spain. One would have supposed that, as every thing had been searched at Cadiz, the same operation might have been dispensed with at Seville; but, on the contrary, it was more rigorous, and repeated again at the gates of the town, as well as on the pier; and they actually opened my pillow, to see if, of all things in the world, I had filled it with tobacco, the great object of their jealousy, and my aversion!

The boarding-house, kept by a sick Englishman,

was prepared for us; and here we found a bad dinner, and most uncomfortable rooms: but the good humour and attentions of our companions cheered us a little; and, having put all our stores and provisions together, we endeavoured to do justice to them, and to laugh at the heavy disappointment of finding blacking, or French polish, in Captain Lyon's mustard-pot.

Next morning we went to high mass, and to hear a Te Deum in the cathedral, and were not disappointed in our expectations of the beauty of this ancient edifice. The music was very inferior, but the architecture, the carvings, the marbles, and the old stained glass, are beyond all praise. We walked round after the service, and wished much to see the famous Murillos; but the chapels were closed, and, being a fête, we could not get them opened. We visited the tomb of Christopher Columbus. On his escutcheon, two vessels are represented, with the expressive motto, "To Castile and Leon, Columbus gave another world."

At night the city was illuminated. A singular custom is observed here; in the large piazza, or

square, in the balcony of the palace, the full-length portraits of the two queens are put under a crimson velvet canopy, and sentinels are placed; the same is done at the theatre.

The pavement here is very inferior to that of Cadiz, and the distances greater; we procured a carriage, however, to drive about. The theatre is small, and the music bad, the smell of the cigars most oppressive, and the general effect spoiled by the ladies having very unwisely abandoned their own beautiful costume to imitate French fashions. The gallery here is entirely set apart for ladies, and it seemed crowded. Men are forbidden to approach this sanctuary; and, while we were at Seville, much scandal was caused by the appearance of two Englishmen, who, in all innocence and ignorance, wandered up, and, unchecked by the usual sentinel, who happened to be absent, transgressed the rule, and were accordingly shown up in the newspapers next day.

The balls were so late that I could not bear the fatigue of sitting up for them: one was given in the open air, and one in the town-hall; for admis-

sion, only two shillings were paid. We dined one day at a Swiss café, the Rocher de Cancale of Seville, kept by a man who seemed to be quite a character. He professed to speak every language a little, and none well, and declared himself a Welchman, and that his native tongue was perhaps his best. Returning, we passed by the dome of the cathedral, which, being illuminated to the top, had a brilliant effect.

Friday, 11th, being the day of the bull-fight, we secured two balconies, and at three o'clock proceeded there; unfortunately, we were rather late, and the ceremony had commenced; one bull was already struggling in the agonies of death. The amphitheatre is large, and, I was told, had held thirteen or fourteen thousand persons, at four o'clock in the morning, when the mob was admitted without payment, to see the bulls which were driven in from the neighbouring plains. One man had been killed that morning, or, as an American called it, " a human had been used up." The governor's box, containing several persons in uniform, was situated in the middle of the building. The

bulls were not as furious or as strong as I expected, and the horses were most wretched. The dresses of the Picadors and the Matador are variegated and tasteful; the latter is the person who kills the animal, and is the only one privileged to bear a scarlet flag.

There is much interest and excitement in this exhibition; and, however great the disgust and horror one must feel at the cruelty and brutality exhibited, it is almost impossible to withdraw one's eyes from the scene before them. It is, in fact, a strange and painful fascination. One of the bulls killed three horses in a very short time. There is great dexterity in the way the Banderilleros rush in, and stick ornamented darts into the sides or head of the animal, for the purpose of enraging him. Sometimes these are made to explode with rockets. On one occasion, the bull not being sufficiently savage, the people cried out for the dogs, but the cry was disregarded. On the whole, after the death of the sixth bull, I was glad to come away, glad of having had an opportunity of seeing this national amusement, but not at all desirous of

ever witnessing it a second time. Yet this "ungentle sport" has for ages had the power of exciting and riveting the feelings and attention of a whole nation — the Spanish maid as well as the Spanish swain:

> "Nurtured in blood, betimes his heart delights
> In vengeance, gloating o'er another's pain."

Next morning we set out at twelve, under the care of Mr. Williams, the vice-consul, to visit the Alcazár, or old palace of the Moorish kings. This is so totally different from any building one has ever seen, that it is particularly interesting. The open arches and marble pillars, the gorgeous ceilings, many of which have been entirely renovated by fresh colours and new gildings, enchant the spectator with their graceful forms and varied hues. We heard that the queen had resolved on repairing the whole; and that, though her intentions had been frustrated by the want of funds during the war, they would eventually be accomplished. The hall of the ambassadors is the finest apartment in the palace, and, if ever restored to its ori-

ginal beauty, would be almost worth returning to look at.

The gardens are very large, and filled with orange-groves. In one of the little courts was a luxuriant jessamine, that flowered with wild "abundance of blossoming," and quite perfumed the air. The taste and proportions of these apartments strike the beholder so much, that he forgets their want of size, and imagination loses itself in trying to picture what these delightful retreats must have been, when furnished and inhabited by the refined and elegant Moors.

From this palace we went to a very different scene—a great manufactory for snuff and tobacco. In an enormous room, five hundred feet long, we saw, seated at little tables, two thousand nine hundred women and girls, all employed in making and tying-up cigars. It was the most curious and novel sight I ever beheld; the noise was deafening, and the smell poisonous, but the scene was one for a painter: all ages were here, though but few pretty faces; one poor girl, exhausted by fatigue, lay sleeping with her head on the table her companions

worked round. We were told they came from the neighbouring country, and were paid by the hundred cigars they twisted.

We next went to the great hospital in the church, where are the three *chefs d'œuvre* of Murillo; two are hung so high, and in so bad a light, that it is hardly possible to see their beauty. One represents Our Saviour blessing the bread before the miracle of the loaves and fishes: the other is called "Moses striking the rock;" being, in reality, the moment *after* the prophet has done so, when joy is on every countenance, and when each person rushes forward to the water which is springing forth. The third picture is of St. Thomas, the founder of the hospital. The saint is supposed to be carrying a sick man, when, looking round, he finds himself assisted by an angel. This is beautiful, and is fortunate in having some light, though it is much disfigured by dirt and want of varnish. Seville was the birth-place of Murillo. Many of the pictures in the chapels of the cathedral are painted by him; amoug others, the vision of St. Geronimo, which is said to be his best

production; and an altar-piece, the Vision of St. Anthony.

We were shown all the treasure; and there is a surprising quantity of plate, and great riches in jewels and old gold and silver; large candlesticks, vases, cups, chalices, &c., of the finest work, very ancient, and extremely costly. A small and curiously worked ornament is to be seen there, made of the first gold from the New World, encrusted with unpolished emeralds and sapphires. The great altar is made to open, and is all silver gilt, and filled with precious things. We saw very magnificent vestments for the priests, made of embroidered velvet and cloth of gold and silver. But the most extraordinary and valuable object here is a temple, or shrine, of eleven feet in length, curiously wrought, formed out of solid silver; it was made about three hundred years ago, and is worth between two and three thousand pounds. On St. John's day it is taken out and placed on the altar, and the priests dance before it, as David is described in the Scriptures to have done before the ark. It is kept in good order by a silversmith, who has a

pension for that purpose. On that day in the year it is paraded with great pomp and ceremony through the town, by men in magnificent dresses.

We had projected an expedition to Cordova, but this was discovered to be at that time impracticable, even for gentlemen, and of course utterly impossible for a lady to undertake. The want of inns and all accommodation would have added discomfort to danger and difficulty. We therefore gave this up with regret, though we were consoled by being assured we lost nothing in foregoing it, as the old Mosque there was the only thing really worth seeing. It is described as being in a bad state; as a Moorish relic, it ranks after the Alhambra, and next to the Alcazár at Seville. During the occupation of Cordova by the Moors, Cordova is stated to have contained two hundred thousand houses, nine hundred public baths, and six hundred mosques.

As a great favour, we were allowed to inspect a convent, and the one we selected was the poorest, but a very interesting and extremely ancient one—that of St. Iñez de Coronella. St. Iñez was a very

beautiful lady, beloved, it is said, by Pedro the Cruel, and to escape his persecution, she disfigured herself by pouring boiling oil over her face. She founded this convent, which was originally her palace, and, being very rich, she endowed it with all her wealth. In the chapel, her body is shewn, most curiously preserved and embalmed, and on the face are distinctly seen the marks of the burning oil. We were first conducted to the grating, which was double, but allowed us to distinguish a small room, in which the Lady Abbess sat and received us. She was a diminutive and very old woman; she inquired why we had selected her convent for inspection, when there were so many richer and finer. We told her we had been attracted by its antiquity and interest. She informed us there were twenty-eight nuns, all of whom were very poor, the government having taken their revenues under promise of paying them so much per day, but for twenty months, this had been neglected, and consequently they were in great distress, and lived on charity and the bounty of strangers.

The priest then came and conducted us into the usual Patio, or open Moorish court, with a garden in the middle, surrounded by marble rocks. The birds sang sweetly, and the flowers were most fragrant. These appeared to be all the amusement and recreation of these poor recluses, who however declared themselves perfectly happy. They were all very old, but we were told there were a few young ones: on this occasion, however, they were locked up. We saw the dormitory, a long gallery fitted up with little white beds; and the refectory, with a pulpit from which one of the sisterhood reads during the repast.

They seemed delighted with our visit, asked the most silly and childish questions, and repeated the same words a dozen times over. Every thing was in a state of extreme and careful cleanliness, not an atom of dust or dirt was visible, and their dress, though of the coarsest materials, was equally neat, composed of a purple stuff gown, and thick black veil. A scourge and rosary hung from the girdle, and a medallion of their patroness was suspended by a ribbon round the neck. One old nun, after

some secret negociation, with the aid of an interpreter, consented to part with hers for four dollars, and thus I was enabled to carry away an interesting remembrance of my visit.

Mr. Standish, a rich English gentleman settled in Seville, was so good as to give me a concert; and I was also present at another at the "Lonja," a great public room. The music was loud and bad: the president read a speech or oration; in answer to which not a word was said; and being very tired, and finding the whole thing extremely dull, I went away early. They have in Spain a curious word to indicate any great fête; they call it a "funcion;" and they apply the same word to any assemblage of personages of consideration.

The day arrived when we were to bid adieu to Seville, where so much is to be seen that is new and strange, that we altogether forgot the inconvenience and the privations we endured in being uncomfortably accommodated and indifferently provided. The flowers here are remarkably beautiful and abundant. Even in this advanced month, I had every day large bouquets of the finest roses,

myrtle, and a profusion of the sweetest jessamine. The streets are narrow and ill paved, and the houses do not appear to advantage, the best part of them, namely the Patio, or court, being at the back. There, during summer, the ladies hold their *tertulias*, or evening parties, and, till the month of October, live entirely on the ground floor. We found a great difference in the climate, Seville being much warmer than Cadiz.

On Tuesday, the 15th, we returned by the Guadalquivir, in a small steam-boat, and fortunately escaped sticking in the mud, a very common occurrence in this shallow river. We heard of one vessel which had remained there ten days, and we saw one that seemed to have little chance of moving. Arriving late at Cadiz, we went to dine on board Mr. Bentinck's yacht, the Antelope; and as the Governor was kind enough to allow the gates of the city to be opened, we landed late, and returned to our inn.

Next day being devoted to rest after my fatigues, I went on Thursday on board Captain Lyon's schooner yacht, the Merlin, and saw a race

between his boat and that of the Trinculo, commanded by Captain Coffin; the latter was victorious.

Friday, the 18th, we started very early on an expedition to Xeres. We arrived at the pier just in time to see the steamer depart without us. We therefore hired a Spanish felucca, or small sailing boat, which, as the wind was favourable, took us over to Port St. Mary's in an hour and a half. It is a large town. We found here a very extraordinary vehicle, a sort of open carriage, to which six mules were attached; it had been sent for us by Mr. Gordon, the great Scotch wine merchant. His two sons in a cabriolet, accompanied by an armed outrider, escorted us. Unfortunately the rain fell in torrents, and prevented us from seeing the country and the vineyards, from which the famous sherry is made. It was too wet to visit the convent in the neighbourhood, but we were most kindly and hospitably received by Mr. Gordon. The cellars where his wine is kept are built on the dimensions of the cathedral at Seville, and in them are placed between four and five

thousand butts of sherry, varying in price, from £30 to £200 each.

At this place I was fortunate enough to meet with a very curious fan, which I selected from several old ones brought me to look at. After dinner, we were escorted back to Port St. Mary's by Mr. Gordon's sons, and being driven at a wonderful pace, we accomplished the ten miles much under the hour. Xeres is a large rich town, with 45,000 inhabitants. I learned from Mr. Gordon that my father had once spent a year here. Land is of very great value; an acre, highly cultivated, may produce £250 a-year; and each olive tree is calculated at about 12*s.* annually.

It was late when we reached the place of embarkation, but we fortunately found the steamer which we had missed in the morning, and in this we returned safely to Cadiz.

CHAPTER III.

Voyage to Tangiers—Lord and Lady Wilton—Mr. Drummond Hay—Fair in Barbary—A funeral —Qualification for Saints —Innumerable cats—Singular scene —Arab arms—Delicious climate—Splendid flowers and fruits—Hospitality—Flight of locusts —A lion—Moorish ornaments—Moorish musicians—Dr. Forbes—Visit to the Bashá—A beautiful Jewess —Moorish castle—The Bashá's wives—Voyage to Gibraltar—Prince Henry of Orange—A grand dinner—The wonders of the rock—Algesiras—St. Michael's Cave.

CHAPTER III.

On the morning of the 19th, we prepared to take our departure from Cadiz for Tangiers. The sea was rough, the yachts lay far out, and the little boat danced on the water till I became extremely nervous. At last, I was deposited safely on board the Antelope; and the Xarifa, with Lord and Lady Wilton, coming into the bay, they paid me a visit. They advised delay, and wanted us to remain till they returned from Seville. We were, however, unwilling to lose time, and our friends, Mr. Bentinck and Captain Lyon, deciding for us, we weighed anchor, and away we went.

We had hardly left the bay, when the weather changed; rain, fog, and haze, with tremendous sea and swell, came on; and the gay party that was

HUNGARIAN REFERENCE
NEW YORK, N. Y.
LIBRARY

to meet at dinner at six o'clock was completely broken up. Blue lights were burnt, that we might keep near the Merlin, but, at last, we lost her in the dark. As night advanced, the pitching increased, and Lord L. proposed returning to Cadiz; but this Mr. Bentinck decidedly negatived; and, after a dreadful night of suffering and misery, we made the African coast; and, after twenty-four hours from Cadiz, anchored in Tangiers bay.

The Merlin soon followed; and, as there was a great deal of rolling, notwithstanding a change of weather, it was settled that I should land, the English consul, Mr. Drummond Hay, having kindly offered to give me a room in his house. The boat shot on the sand, and two old, barelegged, turbaned Arabs, having waded through the water, and carried me out on a chair, deposited me on a donkey, and we set off.

Arriving first at the consul's house, we proceeded to see the fair on a hill outside the town. The scene was most curious and interesting. The complete novelty and utter change that this most barbarous part of Barbary presents

(though hardly fifteen miles from Europe) are very remarkable, while the degradation and decay of these people, once so ingenious and refined, and now almost reduced to the state of savages, give rise to melancholy reflections. There was a funeral by the water's edge, and they were burying the dead with the greatest speed, hardly taking time to cover the body with sufficient earth to secure its safety. The reason they gave was, that the angel of death was expecting, and, if made to wait long, would return to heaven without the deceased.

Not a Christian was to be seen ; but on all sides, Jews and Moors, the latter having always the long lock of hair by which they are to be drawn or pulled into paradise. Some unfortunate, half-naked, miserable beings that I saw huddled up together, I was told were considered as saints, because they were out of their mind.

We passed a beautiful old Moorish mosque, which was open, and we peeped in; some tall forms wrapped in their *haicks* were visible, but it is death for a Christian to enter therein. We also

passed by a bazaar for tobacco and other merchandize. It is not safe for strangers to go about without a guard, as the Moors believe that the murder of a Christian is a step towards heaven. They never do harm to a cat, as they consider them evil spirits, and as having the means of revenge; and they are, consequently, to be seen in great numbers. The Consul's son killed fifty in one day, and, looking over the tops of the houses, which are quite flat without chimneys, I saw a prodigious number.

At length we arrived at the top of the hill, on the side of which several tents were pitched, and a more curious scene can hardly be conceived. We were much struck with the wildness and novelty of these strange beings, some of whom were huddled up in groupes, some marching about in solitary state. Here were crowds of Jews, oxen, asses, and camels—some of the latter were kneeling, others heavily laden with fruit, and most vicious brutes they seemed. Not a female was to be seen, except, now and then, some frightful old woman, very closely and most unnecessarily veiled.

The arms which the people carry are beautiful.

We stopped one man to examine his gun; it was very long, and curiously worked. They do not allow them to be taken out of the country.

The climate is perfectly charming. We found ourselves near the end of October, with a bluer sky, a warmer air, a brighter sun than we had known during even the dog-days in England, surrounded by the richest vegetation, and almost all the finest tropical plants. We saw every where growing in wild luxuriance the flowers and shrubs we had hitherto known only as nurselings of a hothouse.

At the top of the hill is a small religious building, used for the great feast or sacrifice of the lamb, which is, in some degree, similar to the Jewish Passover. From hence we were conducted into what is called the Dutch Garden, from the circumstance of its belonging to the consul of that country. The geranium hedges, the beds of tuberoses, the pepper-tree — a most beautiful and graceful plant — the tobacco, the palm-tree, were all to be found here, with many others; while, in the open country, the aloes, and the cactus or prickly pear, asto-

nished us by their wonderful size. The grapes are the finest in the world, being the size of small eggs, and of excellent flavour.

We returned by another road, passing a manufactory of the famous morocco leather, and re-entered the walls of the town: the gates are closed at sunset, and during the hours of prayer.

The Consul was extremely hospitable in receiving all the party at dinner, and we found his family most amiable and agreeable. His house was very comfortable, with a large wooden balcony overhanging the garden, and looking over the beautiful bay, without taking in any of the horrors of the town. I was told that the vegetation had suffered much from a tremendous visitation of locusts that had blighted and destroyed every thing, and that it was only just beginning to recover. They had been obliged to keep an immense number of men employed in sweeping the walls and gardens to prevent their coming into the house. It was said the poor people ate them, and that they tasted like shrimps: I also heard that a lion had come down among them some years ago, which

the natives considered as a presage of the cholera.

Being very much fatigued, and the Consul kindly pressing our stay, we determined on remaining another day, and sailing early next morning. Some Moorish merchants brought their stores of *haicks*, embroidered cushions, slippers, purses, and pocket-books. By giving them six dollars of pure gold, you may have a ring made and curiously worked with any name, in Arabic. Of these I ordered several, as remembrances for friends at home—and directed that some should be engraved with the word *Tangiers*.

In the evening four Moorish musicians came, and squatted in a half-circle at the farthest end of the room. The first had some indescribable old instrument with two strings; the second, a sort of guitar; the third, who was a Jew, played the fiddle; and the fourth jingled an ancient tambourine. All sung, or rather howled, and only agreed in one point — namely, in producing a medley of noise and discord, more barbarous and wild than any exhibition I ever before witnessed. Dr.

Forbes, (the English physician who accompanied us) was much consulted here, and especially by a beautiful Jewess with whom he lodged; and, on holding out hopes to her of a family after five years' expectation, the husband gratefully embraced him; and all the town flocked to see the prophetic Hakim.

We were very desirous of an audience of the Bashá, who fixed ten o'clock on the Tuesday morning to receive us, thereby compelling us to delay for some hours our departure. At the appointed time, the whole party set forth. The gentlemen proceeded on foot, having made themselves as smart as circumstances would permit. I was mounted on a small white horse, and felt conscious of being a most extraordinary figure; the Consul having desired that I should put on jewels (as a mark of respect to the Bashá), which certainly were ill-suited to my travelling gown and old straw poke-bonnet. We were accompanied by an aged fat interpreter, and a beautiful Jewess, in the rich costume of her nation; her black eyelashes and brows were deeply dyed; she wore double ear-rings, and

one pair were as thick and as large as Indian bangles or bracelets. Her little feet were bare, with the exception of red velvet and gold slippers, and even these she was obliged to take off in Moorish presence. Passing the mosque with her slippers on, and hearing herself cursed, she darted forward, turned very pale, and then informed us that this malediction was in consequence of her not being barefooted while on holy ground.

We ascended a very steep hill, on the top of which stands the old Moorish castle. The courts were filled with Arabs and extraordinary-looking beings. After waiting a few minutes, we were ushered into the marble *patio*, where, without attendants, the Bashá received us. Three carpets, each less than the one below it, and a folded blanket, formed the seat on which he sat, or rather squatted, holding his feet, and apparently counting his toes. He was wrapped in white muslin and a *haick*. His turban was white as driven snow; his eye fine; his countenance intelligent, and his skin sallow. A small semicircle of chairs was placed, to which he pointed, and de-

sired us to take possession; and we were introduced by the Consul, attended by the interpreter. According to the Eastern fashion of bringing a gift in the hand, as a mark of respect and honour, we had understood that an offering to the amount of forty dollars was to be made in the shape of a robe, a turban, or tea and sugar: but this the Bashá declined with some little pique, saying, that as the English, in consequence of orders from their government, had declined *his* presents, he could not receive any from that nation. Some conversation on Eastern politics arose; and assuredly he did not express flattering opinions as to France.

After a little time, a black boy conducted Miss Hay, myself, and the beautiful Jewess, to a garden, where, in a small summer-house, we found the Bashá's three wives and two children crouching on the ground. The Jewess kissed them, and seated herself beside them; and two chairs were placed for us, the black boy, Hadjee, standing by. Any thing so hideous as these ladies I never beheld.

We were told that the Bashá was very proud,

and had chosen his wives more with regard to high birth than good looks. The first was a most frightful old woman, with a sallow skin, half-closed eyes, and a figure that could be compared to nothing but a badly-made feather-bed; the second was painted like a savage, and equally shapeless; the third was black, and adorned with silver anclets and bracelets. It was really a daring figure of speech to call the children human. All were dressed in coarse muslin, and wore coloured glass beads. Their manners were bold, and their questions childish and absurd. There was a feeling of humiliation at witnessing such utter degradation of one's own species. The Jewess translated what they said into Spanish, and Miss Hay explained it to me. They inquired our Christian names, and whether we were married; they asked Miss Hay whether she did not wish for this event, and were told it was likely to take place soon. They inquired how many children I had, and how many boys — and said it was very wrong for a married woman to shew her hair.

After many mutual civil speeches, we rose to

depart, but were invited to remain, that they might still have the pleasure of looking at us, and the old lady, tuning her guitar, began to sing, what they told us was a pathetic love-romance, but what appeared to us most repulsive discord. They said they had expected that we should remain till sunset. I replied they could see the ships in the bay waiting to carry us away, and that, if I delayed, we should be out all night, and, perhaps, shipwrecked; besides, my husband would be very angry with me for making him wait. The black boy then conducted us, through some strange old corridors and stairs, to the top of the house, to see the prospect; and here we met the bashá, who cursed the poor Jewess for having dared to put on her slippers in his house.

We then took our leave, and descended to the waterside, where, after seeing some cavalry exercised, and bidding adieu to our kind and hospitable friends, we embarked, and after less than four hours' sail, anchored off Gibraltar. The Merlin and the Antelope were moored by the New Mole, and we landed, and were most kindly received by

the Governor, Sir Alexander Woodford, who had sent his carriage for us.

We found rooms prepared for us at the English club-house, and our children all well. The Braganza steamer came in soon after us, and we had the pleasure of receiving a large packet of letters. On the following day we called on Lady Woodford, and found Prince Henry of Orange; a review was fixed for ten o'clock the following day, and a great dinner at the Governor's afterwards. We then went on board the Merlin, where we had a very merry party at dinner.

The garrison now consists of 2,500 men; the population of the town is said to be about 14,000. The weather was fine, the ground chosen was beautiful, and the scene gay and pretty; although an infantry review of a small number of men is rather a dull exhibition. The blue Mediterranean lay before us, and the stupendous Rock towered above. We had a large dinner-party in the evening at the Governor's, whose delightful house was unfortunately under repair. It is called the Convent, having originally been one, and has a fine and

extensive garden, in which all the tropical plants grow in the greatest luxuriance. A long covered walk is entirely shaded by the pepper-tree, and a stone terrace, parallel to the sea, commands a beautiful view.

Friday and Saturday were devoted to visiting the Rock, which is, if possible, more wonderful when the interior is examined. We admired the long galleries cut through it, the immense twenty-four and thirty-two pounders, eight hundred of which have been dragged up its rugged heights, and the magnificent view from the top; and here we are struck with the apparent insignificance of the town, as seen from the heights, the houses, shops, &c. below, all looking like child's toys—diminutive and Lilliputian. At the signal-post we rested, and purchased some specimens of the rock, which are manufactured into inkstands, candlesticks, chessboards, &c. Sir Alexander having kindly lent me a very quiet little pony, belonging to one of his boys, I was not much fatigued. We saw a great many monkeys, which are particularly ugly, and have the peculiarity of being without tails.

Sunday, 27th, we attended the Protestant church. The building is not large, but in good taste, without galleries, and in the Moorish style, after a design from the Alhambra. There is no organ, but a military band plays remarkably well, though the echo made it extremely difficult to hear the service. After church, we sailed over to Algesiras, a small town exactly opposite to Gibraltar, on the other side of the bay, where there were to be processions, illuminations, and rejoicings. It was a poor miserable place; and after walking up to the *Plaza*, we re-embarked, but a dead calm coming on, we advanced little, and were glad when Sir Alexander's barge came alongside the cutter and took us on shore.

The next day was very fine, and we devoted the afternoon to climbing the rock, and inspecting that wonder of nature, St. Michael's cave. It is of great extent. The Governor had directed that it should be lighted up for us, which was most admirably managed. The effect was very picturesque. A band played. On descending the rock,

we perceived the English packet coming in, and, after reading our letters, we had a very agreeable dinner at the Governor's.

CHAPTER IV.

Ceuta Bay—The Spanish Gibraltar—Spanish convicts—Tetuan Bay—Shoal of porpoises—An old Moor—Ride to Tetuan—A thief—Visit to the Bashá—Moorish mode of making tea—The Bashá's wife—A young Moorish bride—Moorish stud—A Jewish family—The Vice Consul's family—Return to Gibraltar—Voyage to Malaga—Journey to Granada—Spanish etiquette—Spanish Posada—Bandits—Arrival at Granada.

CHAPTER IV.

Tuesday, 29th, was devoted to preparation for departure. We dined on board the Merlin, and next morning sailed for the African coast. We were becalmed for some hours, and only made Ceuta Bay after sunset, when we anchored for the night.

Next morning, Lord L. went on shore. The Spaniards hold Ceuta as we do Gibraltar. It is not near so strong or important a place, though great pains have been taken to make it so. The Governor sent his barge for us. I was too ill to land, but Lord L. rode round the town and inspected the fortifications. The Spaniards send their convicts here; and as they are employed in cleansing, paving, and beautifying the streets, the

latter are very clean, and are kept in great order. The sea and heavy swell made the vessels roll and toss so disagreeably, that it was thought best to sail round the point into Great Ceuta Bay, where we lay much more quietly till Lord L. returned on board, when we shaped our course for Tetuan. An immense shoal of porpoises accompanied us, leaping on each side of the vessel; and we anchored at night, off a wild open coast. Next day, the rough sea and continued torrents of rain prevented our landing, and we remained on board while the gentlemen went to shoot some partridges for our dinner.

Friday, November 1*st.*—Weather much more tempestuous, and an unceasing deluge of rain. Much discussion arose as to our landing, some thinking it imprudent to run such a risk, on the chance of the vessels not being able to remain near the coast, while others maintained that waiting for fine weather was quite hopeless; on the other hand, it was so extremely provoking to be foiled and see nothing, that, at length, we boldly determined to brave the weather, and make the attempt.

Milk for breakfast was obtained by sending some sailors on shore to catch a cow, and after this, to us a great luxury (and procured in such a primitive fashion), the four boats were filled with passengers and luggage, and we rowed to land. We found a disagreeable and dangerous bar; but the boat was dexterously steered between the breakers, and soon touched the beach, where a few savage-looking and half-naked Moors helped us out.

A more desolate scene can hardly be imagined; the rain fell in torrents; there was no sign of shelter or habitation near, save a ruined shed where our mules were waiting, and a square white building, without doors or windows, flanked by four towers, and having a rope-ladder as the sole mode of ingress or egress. Out of this building came forth an old Moor, whose turban was as ragged as his slippers. He informed us that he was styled the *Capitanaccio*, and that his business was to guard the coast, for which purpose he had some guns posted at the top of his abode.

The Vice-Consul, Mr. Butler, met us with mules and donkeys, and we mounted some of the animals,

while the luggage was placed on others. I had an excellent one, the property of a rich Jew merchant, who obligingly lent it for the occasion, and I ascended it by mounting the back of an old Moor, who knelt down for the purpose. We set off with the macintoshes, cloaks, and umbrellas; and, after passing by the custom-house, rode nearly seven miles in a deluge of rain, over a morass and through a sheet of water, without a vestige of road or path. At last we arrived at the city of Tetuan. To describe the dirt and the *odours* of every kind surpasses my ability. The Jewish and Moorish quarters seemed to me on a par, though I was informed the first was the worst.

We arrived at Mr. Butler's, drenched and literally half-dead. I was glad to remain in bed for many hours. My reticule was immediately stolen out of Lord Londonderry's great coat pocket, which had been hung up to dry; a Jew was the thief; he was, however, discovered and sent to prison, and would have been bastinadoed but for my intercession. The Bashá of the place sent us a present of two sheep, twenty-four fowls, and some

eggs, which we made over to the consul, and our audience was fixed for the next day at twelve o'clock.

It was still stormy, and a heavy gale during the night had obliged the yachts to stand out to sea; our departure was therefore impossible. At the appointed hour, the procession set out to wait on the Bashá. I was mounted on the mule, the gentlemen riding donkeys. The streets were knee-deep in mud, and the smell perfectly insufferable. On arriving, we found the court filled with guards; some of them were fine-looking men. We were received at the foot of the stairs by one of the Bashá's sons; another waited in the antechamber; both showing the greatest respect of manner by standing in their father's presence:—

"For son of Moslem must expire
Ere dare to sit before his sire."

In an inner room, lighted from above and hung with shawls, the Bashá squatted on cushions. In one corner stood his bed, with sheets and counterpane beautifully embroidered with coloured silks

and gold threads. Some curious arms, French clocks, &c. were in other parts of the room. The Jew merchant, Mr. Levi, was the interpreter. Little tables, a foot high, were brought in, and he and an old Moor sat down to make tea, one in the English, the other in the Moorish fashion. According to the latter, the sugar is put in the tea-pot, and I found it excellent, even without milk. A large bowl of cream, piles of cakes, dates, and sugared almonds, were brought in on large brass waiters. The Bashá is old and grey-headed, his appearance venerable, and his manner courteous. Inquiries were made after the Sultan; and, in return, offers of service, and the town placed at our disposal.

We were then shewn over the house, which is old and very curious, with tiled stairs and walls, and elaborate ceilings, in the style of the Alcazar at Seville. In the recess of a marble *patio*, or court, sat the Bashá's wife; and near her, the wife of his eldest son, a little creature of sixteen, who had been married five years. Her face was flat and like a Calmuck's, but her dark eyes and long

lashes were beautiful, and she had taken some pains to deepen the colour by black dye. Round the court, we saw cages with singing birds suspended in every direction. The Bashá's second son conducted us over the palace.

Five or six black girls laughed immoderately at my appearance. One held in her arms a child, which I discovered to belong to the young bride above described; but it appeared to be considered as general property, and, I thought, ran some risk of suffocation from kissing and kindness. From the roof of the house, we overlooked the town and surrounding country, the view of which was very extensive. We then returned to take leave of the Bashá, and were conducted over a large uninhabited house, or palace, of the Sultan's. In the garden, one of the young men picked some jessamine, and gallantly presented the bouquet to me. We ate some excellent grapes of a peculiar form and long shape, called ladies' fingers. Lastly, we were conducted to the stables, where a few miserable horses stood tethered, without straw or manger, and one of these unfortunate animals had

had his tail shaved, by way of adding to his beauty. We were informed that we ought to leave forty dollars with the black boy, as a present to the Bashá, to be distributed among his attendants. We afterwards heard he had only given them ten, and buried the remaining thirty.

Our next visit was to the family of Levi, where we were shown some splendid Jewish dresses. The sash worn by the women is particularly magnificent; it is above three yards long, and richly woven in gold. I bought some velvet-embroidered pocket-books from some of the merchants, whom I found as anxious to cheat as their brethren at Tangiers; however, I succeeded in getting these things for exactly half the price asked at Gibraltar.

November 3rd. — The weather having cleared and the yachts having returned to their anchorage, we took leave of our hospitable host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Butler. Their fate appeared to me very deplorable, both in bad health, exiled in this barbarous country, with a salary of £100 a-year, out of which they paid £22 for house-rent! They

have a fine family of nine children. The daughters never stir out of the house; not a teacher is to be had, nor can they speak any language but Spanish.

We rode back, found the boats on the beach, and embarked. The wind was fair and the water smooth to the Almeira point. It became then rather rough on crossing the straits. We arrived at Gibraltar in the evening, and after some little difficulty in getting pratique, landed at the New Mole.

The Club House Hotel was very full; however, we succeeded in getting rooms, and remained there for three days to receive and answer our letters. We dined with the Governor, and on Thursday the 7th, went on board the Antelope, which, with the Merlin, sailed for Malaga.

The day was so calm that our progress was scarcely perceptible; but after a night that, in England, would have been thought warm and fine, even in July, we anchored close to the Mole at Malaga. Soon after, the English Consul came on board, and announced that Lord and Lady Wilton

not only had not started, but had delayed their journey that we might all travel to Granada together, as they had secured the escort, and we had ordered the carriages.

We doubted at the time the wisdom of this scheme, as we suspected the larger the party the worse the accommodation would be; however, we agreed to the proposal, and accordingly, every thing was arranged for setting out the next day. We landed and walked about the town. They make here some very spirited figures in clay, representing the various national costumes and amusements. I desired that an entire bull-fight might be made for me and sent to England. The cathedral unfortunately was closed, and, to my regret, I did not see it, as it is very handsome, though modern.

We dined on board the Xarifa, and next morning, Saturday, November 9th, our procession set forth. We had a large English coach with six mules, an omnibus, and a baggage-cart, each with the same number, laden mules, riding-horses, muleteers, servants, and an escort of lancers with a corporal; so that altogether, the long string of

equipages and imposing number of people, (between thirty and forty) made us hope to be tolerably secure from robbers.

We were told rather an absurd story of the coach and horses of a plebeian meeting the carriage and mules of an aristocrat; much confusion arose as to precedence, the mules declining to yield the *pas* to the horses belonging to an inferior master; at last, the coachmen unharnessed the animals, and (as the story goes) the carriages remained in the street, until Time, by annihilating them, settled the question of precedency, or rather, left it exactly as it was.

The torrent of rain in which our journey commenced increased. The ascent of the mountains was severe, the roads bad, the baggage could not advance, and altogether our progress was so unpropitious, that we were glad to stop at a hovel in a wretched village, called, I believe, El Colmenor. There were not two rooms, for one was only a small loft, and the whole place was filled with people. The Alcalde, or judge, however, came, and soon cleared it. In this uncomfortable abode

we passed the night, thankful for shelter from the wind and rain. Next morning early we set out; and, after breakfasting at the Venta, two leagues on, (where we ought to have slept, if the mules had not been utterly exhausted by the fatigue and bad weather of the preceding day,) we proceeded to Loja, a considerable town, about half way to Granada. Here we found a very good *posada*, and spent the night; starting next morning at six o'clock, in the hope of reaching Granada the same day.

The scenery here was beautiful, but the roads or rather tracks were almost impassable, and the rain continued unabated. We toiled on for many weary miles, till at seven o'clock in the evening the mules could proceed no farther, though we had only accomplished half of our intended journey. We remonstrated with the muleteers, and much discussion arose; but the dreadful state of the roads, the complete exhaustion of the animals, and the warnings of robbery (said to have been frequent in an olive wood which we had to pass) compelled the party to submit to necessity, and we bivouacked at a farm of the Duke of Wellington's.

It is hardly possible to describe how wearying and fatiguing a journey may be rendered by accidental circumstances, and very bad weather. Eighty miles in England, the task of an easy day, became, in Spain, hard work for four; and on an average, we advanced little beyond one mile and a half in an hour, allowing for the various delays of muleteers and mules, the latter falling, and waiting to be dragged up by the former; and the harness constantly breaking and to be repaired, besides innumerable other accidents.

Two of our escort rode on to examine the country, and took one man prisoner, who was armed, and skulking behind a hedge; he endeavoured to escape, but failed. The diligence passing soon after, explained what his plans had been. It appeared that the house we were in at Al Achat was not an inn. The people seemed on the look-out for plunder; the gentlemen, therefore, took it in turn to watch, well-armed, through the night. We were afterwards told by our cook, that he had been there thirty years before, with Marshal Soult,

and that on that occasion two of his fellow-servants had been stabbed.

We left early on the morning of the 12th, and commenced the four leagues which still separated us from Granada. We passed the olive-wood, which appeared a suitable spot for robberies; armed scouts and suspicious-looking people were prowling about, but our party was too large to be attacked, and we reached our journey's end in safety.

CHAPTER V.

Visit to the Alhambra — Palace of Charles V. — Washington Irving—All expectations surpassed—Matéo Ximenes, the guide—Court of the Alberca—Court of the lions — Hall of the Abencerrages — Lord Porchester — Hall of ambassadors—The Tocador—Unrivalled view—Habitations of the Zingari — The cathedral of Granada—The Alameda — The governor, General Mier — Carthusian convent — The Generaliffe — The Daro and the Xenil—Motril—El Colmenor—Spanish Alcalde.

HUNGARIAN REFERENCE
NEW YORK, N. Y.
LIBRARY

CHAPTER V.

Next morning the governor of the town, with General O'Lalor (who manages the Duke of Wellington's estate in this country) and Mr. Lopez, a Spanish gentleman, married to an English lady, called, and conducted us to the far-famed Alhambra. We ascended the hill on which it stands, passed the beautiful "gate of justice," and arrived at the somewhat ostentatious palace of Charles V., of which only the stable is completed, but from its magnificence some idea may be formed of what the rest would have been. The bas-reliefs on the columns are very fine. The building is circular inside; and the exterior is a solid square of great size.

Close adjoining is the low door of the Moorish

palace, which we entered, and found ourselves in one of the little courts so often described,but so little capable of being imagined beforehand. I know not how other travellers are affected by what they see: I only know for myself, that I came with an eager imagination. From childhood the idea of the Alhambra had been to me (as Washington Irving so truly says) "what Mecca is to the Moslem." I had read and treasured its romances, gazed on its pictures, and dreamed and fancied the scene, until I almost believed myself one of the heroines of yore. I had seen in my mind's eye the thickets of roses and the groves of myrtle, and, though I came in November, and found the sear and yellow leaf, I almost expected to see the Lindoraxas and Zoraydas appear. In short, I arrived in a breathless state of excitement, with my spirits and imagination so over-wrought that I almost felt that even the reality would be disappointment. The weather was bright, clear, and sunny, as it ever is, even in winter, in this glorious southern clime.

We were fortunate in having the well-known guide, Matéo Ximenes, "a son of the Alhambra."

He led my mule, and, having helped me to dismount, watched my face to see the impression the first view would make upon me. I hope he was gratified, for, if my countenance at all expressed my feelings, he could not mistake the admiration and surprise with which I gazed on the enchanting scene. This was the court of the Alberca; it was paved with marble, and in the centre was an immense fish-pond, or reservoir, one hundred and thirty feet in length, by thirty in breadth, bordered by a trelliswork of roses. It opens through a Moorish arch, into the Court of Lions, which is opposite to the Hall of the Abencerrages.

Lord Porchester admires Florian's description of this beautiful place, and, perhaps, he is most exact in the dimensions and proportions he gives. But Washington Irving conveys to my mind the most poetic and touching idea of the Alhambra. He lived *in*, and appears to me to have lived *on*, its loveliness; at least, no one seems to have felt it in his inmost soul as he has done. He says, speaking of the renowned Court of Lions: — "There is no part of the edifice that gives a

more complete idea of its original beauty and magnificence than this; for none has suffered so little from the ravages of time. In the centre stands the fountain famous in song and story. The alabaster basins still shed their diamond drops, and the twelve lions which support them cast forth their crystal streams, as in the days of Boabdil. The court is laid out in flower-beds, and surrounded by light Arabian arcades of open filagree work, supported by slender pillars of white marble. The architecture, like that of all the other parts of the palace, is characterised by elegance rather than grandeur; bespeaking a delicate and graceful taste, and a disposition to indolent enjoyment. When one looks upon the fairy tracery of the peristyles, and the apparently fragile fretwork of the walls, it is difficult to believe that so much has survived the wear and tear of centuries, the shocks of earthquakes, the violence of war, and the quiet, though no less baneful pilferings of the tasteful traveller. It is almost sufficient to excuse the popular tradition, that the whole is protected by a magic charm."

Here I gathered a branch of myrtle, to bring away as a remembrance; and Matéo, observing this, brought me a beautiful carnation, saying, "*El unico, Señora.*" The Governor presented me with a large tuberose, which was deliciously fragrant. On one side of the Court of Lions is the Hall of the Two Sisters, so called from two large slabs of marble in the pavement. The glazed and highly polished tiles are in a perfect state. The ceilings are of surpassing beauty; and the labour, taste, ingenuity, and patience of the Moors, are here displayed in every form. The general state of preservation is surprising, and, here and there, remains of the brilliant colouring are seen, such as the lapis lazuli, or Tyrian blue, of which ancient secret these people alone possessed the knowledge; bright scarlet, and, occasionally, patches of gold, relieving the various tints.

On the other side of the Court of Lions is the Hall of the Abencerrages. Matéo pointed out the place of the massacre, and the indelible stains of blood.

We proceeded to the Ambassador's hall, which is very grand. Here Columbus was received in state on his return from his voyage.

The ceiling is of cedar, inlaid with mother-o'-pearl, enriched with gilding, painting, and the brightest colours.

> "Oh! given to song, and revelry, and light,
> Alhambra's halls were beautiful that night;
> Her cedar roof, with precious pearl inlaid,
> Her walls transparent, seem'd of crystal made."

Certainly the Alhambra is one of the few objects in the world which do not disappoint even highflown and overwrought expectations; and yet it is impossible to describe its beauty or its charm. It is not large, not magnificent, but it is *unique*. The perfection of its proportions, the lightness of its architecture, the transparency of its fretwork, must be seen to be duly appreciated; and when among the small, low, Moorish arches you see such elaborate work and delicate tracery, you marvel how any thing so fragile has lived through centuries. It is true that some writers have felt and done partial justice to the beauty, the poetry, the romance of the whole; but I doubt whether any author or painter has ever succeeded in placing the scene before the comprehension of any one who has not gazed on the reality; at least, I *feel* that no description can do it justice.

The traveller wanders through the courts and halls, sighing that one cannot

> "From the long cheerless night of ages raise
> The festive image of those splendid days.
> * * * *
> And bid Alhambra echo to the strain
> Her mouldering walls shall never hear again."

We proceeded to the Tocador, or Queen's dressing-room, which commands an enchanting view. Its frescoes however are grievously defaced by barbarous hands, who have registered in rude characters their names, unknown to fame.

It is impossible adequately to express one's admiration of this fairy palace, graceful, lovely, singular, and placed in so unrivalled a position. It is sufficiently high to look down on Granada and Santa Fé, and over the whole of the Vega, or plain, which is literally a garden of sixty miles long, and in some places thirty wide, marked by the richest soil and the finest cultivation, and irrigated by numerous watercourses. I am told that the only view at all comparable to this is that of Damascus, when, after toiling for days through the desert, you first behold the city rising before

you. But the magnificent background which renders the scenery of Granada so picturesque, must be wanting in the Eastern picture. The fine range of mountains, or Sierra Nevada, is crowned even in the dog-days with continual snow; and yet, during the broiling heat of summer, this appears so near, that it seems only requisite to put out one's hand to reach the dazzling surface.

We were all worn and harassed with our journey and the hardships we had undergone; but so well were we repaid by what we saw, that not one of the party regretted the past, but all agreed they were amply rewarded. It must also be borne in mind that we saw this spot under every disadvantage of season, in the middle of November, with a clear frost, and clad in autumnal tints, and not in the month of May, with its thickets of roses and myrtle, and its groves of orange and citron, when it must indeed be an earthly paradise.

Cavities or burrows in the hills were shown us as the dwellings which the gipsies inhabit. There are many at Granada, but they keep entirely to themselves, only coming down for their purchases,

which they make in the Zacatin, a very narrow old Moorish street, composed entirely of small shops.

The great cathedral of Granada is very fine; it is comparatively modern, of Grecian architecture, and profusely decorated in white and gold. The dome is of peculiar richness, and the painted glass extremely ancient. The chapels are curious; and here lie the remains of Ferdinand and Isabella, in two marble tombs of the most elaborate and highly-wrought sculpture.

The Alameda, or public walk, is cheerful and pretty, and in its shades one may forget the neighbourhood of a great town. The inn was as dirty as a Spanish *posada* can be; the corridors were filled with the muleteers and guides, who literally bivouacked in them, huddled over *braseros* filled with charcoal.

The weather was seasonable, a fine clear frost; but the want of fireplaces in every room was severely felt. The Governor of the town, General Mier, was very attentive to us, and called several times; but, unfortunately, as he spoke nothing

but Spanish, we were unable to have much conversation with him.

We went to an old Carthusian convent, about two miles from Granada, and were greatly struck with the magnificent chapel belonging to it. The fine Murillos that once adorned the walls were carried off by the French, who, however, affected to replace them by copies. The sacristy is beautiful. The marbles are of the country, and take the finest polish, having the appearance of agate. The drawers for the priest's vestments, and the doors, are of the most costly work, red tortoise-shell inlaid with ivory and silver, so far surpassing the most gorgeous cabinets and *armoires* I had ever seen, that it was difficult to look without envying. There had been a splendid silver shrine for the Host, equal if not superior to the one at Seville, but it had been taken away by the French, and was replaced by one made in painted wood. The whole of the building was in the highest state of preservation; the architecture Grecian, and it had probably been built above three hundred years. Nothing could be finer

than the elaborate stucco-work of the walls and ceilings.

The Zacatin, an old street filled with shops, is curious; narrow as an alley, no carriages can enter, and all the wares are displayed outside of the shops. In Granada, as in all Spanish towns, the sweetmeats, preserved fruits, and *bons-bons* are excellent, and there is a great display of baskets of sugar-candy, temples of barley-sugar, and other confectionary.

We devoted a day to wandering over the hills and gardens of the Generaliffe. This is a sort of second Alhambra, situated higher than the first, and was the abode of the Moorish sovereigns, whenever the courts of the former failed to offer a cool retreat. Here they repaired during the burning heats of summer to inhale the fresh breezes from the Sierra Nevada. Our friend Matéo guided us to the top of the building, from whence the view was magnificent. We saw the plain of the Vega, watered by the Xenil and the Daro, and gazed on the fair city below. In the Daro are

said to be found particles of gold; and in the Xenil, of silver.

We wandered through the gardens and trelliced arcades; Matéo presented me with a large bouquet, and some bunches of delicious grapes. I explained to him that I wanted some more lasting memorial of the Generaliffe; and, as we passed through one of the courts where the finest and largest cypresses grew, he drew out his knife and cut off some pieces of scented wood, which I carried away.

On Sunday, 17th, we left Granada, and having determined not to return by Malaga, we dismissed the carriages, carts, &c., and putting the luggage on mules, took the road to Motril, the nearest sea-point, where Lord Wilton's and Mr. Bentinck's yachts were to meet us.

We had been informed that a fine new *chaussée* had been made by the convicts, and we saw here and there some of this work; but after the first four leagues, nothing of the sort was visible. The day was lovely, the scenery magnificent, and the heat excessive, though we looked on the snowy top of the Sierra. When we came to the place,

called "L'Ultimo Suspiro del Moro," we halted to admire the view where Boabdil is said to have shed tears, which his mother, the proud Ayxa, answered by the cruel speech, that he did well to weep like a woman over the fair territory which he could not defend as a man.

> "His high-soul'd mother sternly bade him know,
> It well became him, with a woman's woe,
> To mourn o'er lost Granada's living grave,
> The throne he knew not like a king to save."

At four miles from Granada, we left our miserable vehicle, and mounted our horses. The ladies' maids were placed on donkeys; and, having refreshed ourselves with luncheon and some grapes at a venta, we rode two leagues to a small village called, I think, Bazane, where we passed the night. Next morning, we again set off on horseback. The scenery now became wilder; and, at last, we entered the mountain pass, and lost all sign of human habitation. The ascent and descent over broken rocks without a vestige of a path made me so nervous that I was glad to exchange my fine black horse, with a long flowing mane and tail, for a humble white donkey. We crossed the rocky bed of a river, and continued

winding along our mountain track. We did not meet a creature; indeed, the path was so narrow that, excepting here and there, in some places there was not room for another to pass. The air was perfumed with rosemary, wild lavender, and thyme; the sun was scorching, and the heat excessive, but the scenery was magnificent. Our escort of lancers accompanied us, two riding on in advance for fear of any ambuscade, while the others remained in the rear to bring up the baggage, which was divided among twelve or fourteen mules. The English Consul, Mr. Mark, our guide Manuel (so well known to all visitors to Malaga), and our muleteers, added to our already large party of servants, formed a long train, and it was curious to look back and mark it winding round, and up and down, these mountainous and craggy paths.

From Granada to Motril is eleven leagues, or forty-four miles. At length, we reached a river with a rapid current. Here we found men prepared to protect us, should the stream prove too strong for our beasts, which they guided. Manuel having carefully packed me up with my feet on

the donkey's neck, consigned me to two of these guides, who brought me in safety to the opposite shore.

At length, we caught a glimpse of the sea; and soon after the picturesque little town of Motril, with its pretty bay, appeared in sight. We had some difficulty in obtaining lodging, the *posada* being filled with officers; however, we found quarters in a private house. I should have mentioned that we had already discovered that, in this liberal country, our best plan was to apply to the judge, or alcalde, who was all-powerful, and made no ceremony of clearing a *venta* or even a private house, by immediate or forcible ejectment. At one place, El Colmenor, he had come to our assistance unasked, and, in a few minutes, had turned out every body out of the kitchen, and every mule out of the stable; kicking and cuffing all who came in his way, and knocking down any individual who wore a hat in his presence. So much for the justice and equity of this well-governed country, where our escort loudly and constantly sung, " Viva la Constitucion."

CHAPTER VI.

Motril and its climate — Embark on board the Antelope yacht—Voyage to Carthagena—Scene of desolation—Embark for Barcelona— Voyage — Morera Bay—A foraging party— Cape St. Martin—A night at sea — Barcelona—English Consul—Montjuic —Grand Ball—Spanish ladies—Wealth of the peasantry—Voyage to Marseilles—Curious chapel—Toulon—Prince de Joinville —Hyères—Return to England.

CHAPTER VI.

Nothing can better describe the climate of Motril, than the fact of there not being a window in the town; shutters alone were to be found; therefore light could not be enjoyed without the admission of air; and, though it was the middle of November, this was unfelt, as, even after sunset, there was not a breath of cold wind.

On arriving, we were rather disappointed that neither Lord Wilton's nor Mr. Bentinck's yachts had appeared. Next day, however, the latter was discovered in the distance; but there being no harbour, and only a wild exposed bay and open road, it was not considered safe to allow her to anchor, and Mr. B. requested us to hold ourselves in readiness for immediate embarkation.

The town is about two miles from the sea, and at twelve o'clock on the 19th, we rode down to the shore. The night was lovely, the moon rendering it almost as light as day; the air was soft and warm, and on either side, cotton-trees and sugar-canes were growing. We passed a beautiful orange-garden, ornamented with seats and walls of Valencia tiles.

Our baggage was already on board the Antelope, and we were soon in the boat. We took leave of Mr. Mark (the Consul), and Manuel, our guide, and a few minutes' rowing brought us alongside the cutter, which was standing off and on, waiting for our arrival. Once on board, it seemed folly to wait for the Xarifa, and, by such delay, lose much valuable time; Mr. Bentinck, therefore, determined to make sail for Carthagena, which we reached in forty hours. We were entering the harbour on the Thursday evening before sunset, and were hoping we might get pratique and sleep on shore, when we were hailed, and desired to stop to take a pilot. This was at first resisted by Mr. Bentinck as being unnecessary,

and an imposition which they had no right to force upon vessels belonging to the yacht-club. He, however, at last consented, and after about an hour's delay, the man guided us to the quarantine ground. We were, after all, too late to get pratique that night, and the pilot dared not come on board ; but, as his boat shoved off after we had anchored, we took some pains to explain to him the name of the vessel as well as those of the passengers, and repeated the whole distinctly, begging that the Health Office would send early in the morning, as we wanted to go on shore. We had not much success, for he departed, saying, that he would let the Consul know the *Marquis d'Antelope* was arrived.

Next morning the schooner came in. We soon got pratique, and all came on shore. We immediately took a house that had belonged to the English Consul, then absent, and here we made ourselves very comfortable for two nights, enjoying the fireplaces, and a good repose. The town looks very picturesque from the sea, to which it is quite close ; it is deserted, however, and going to decay,

without trade, commerce, or movement. The docks and arsenal are almost entirely empty. The Pluto and the Terrible lay in the harbour, side by side, after their late encounter; the latter was a famous smuggler, that had long defied the whole Spanish fleet; but the Pluto having shot away her mast, and the pirate captain being killed, the men lost all courage and surrendered.

The vice-consul here spoke only Spanish. He very kindly presented me with a temple of sugar, filled with *bons-bons*, which we sent on board, and, fragile as it was, hoped to carry to Marseilles. On Sunday, 24th, we embarked. The weather was fine, and the glass rising; but, unfortunately, the wind did not favour us. We knew we had three hundred miles to make to Barcelona, without any intermediate good harbour to run into.

On Monday, we got round Cape Palos, without finding any improvement in the weather, and we still continued to beat against a head wind. On Tuesday, we had continued baffling winds. In the evening, the schooner, who was now in company, ran into Morera Bay, and anchored. Mr. Ben-

tinck, thinking the weather looked dirty, followed. A foraging party was sent out to try and procure provisions, and we had some excellent red mullet for dinner. In other respects, however, the foray was unsuccessful, for twelve loaves were all that could be procured, and were divided between the two yachts. After rolling and pitching for five or six hours, we weighed anchor and made sail, having burnt a blue light to inform the schooner of our intentions. She did not, however, heed us, and there we separated.

Next morning we got round Cape St. Martin, and were going to Denia for fresh provisions, but at twenty miles distance were becalmed. In the evening the wind freshened, and Valencia was thought of; but though we were anxious to see it, this plan was given up on account of the bad anchorage, open bay, and the distance of the town from the shore. Our course was then laid for Peniscola.

Thursday morning was clear and calm, but before twelve o'clock rain and squalls came on; these increased towards evening, when the mainsail

was ordered down, and the trysail set. We ran our distance, and then lay-to for some hours at about twenty miles from Barcelona. To people unused to sea, there is danger in every plunge of the vessel and fear in every sound, and their ignorance increases their terror. We were, however, assured that there was no cause for alarm, and after a most comfortless night, we were truly thankful when daylight came, and though the heavy sea still rolled, the wind moderated. Such, however, is the caprice of the tideless Mediteranean, and such the uncertainty of the winds here, which appear to blow sometimes from every point of the compass in rapid succession, and then cease entirely, that we had the mortification and disappointment of passing the day becalmed, about twenty miles from Barcelona. The trysail was taken down and the mainsail set; in doing which the main boom got adrift, and was very nearly sprung, and a more disagreeable effect than this produced in the motion of the vessel to those below cannot be imagined. The rolling was checked by tremendous jerks.

Towards evening a breeze sprung up, and took us

on. We lay-to that night close to Barcelona, and got into the harbour early on Saturday morning, the 30th. The Consul, Mr. Annesley, an Irish gentleman, married to a Prussian lady, Mademoiselle Brockhausen, came on board, and offered his services. He told us there had been a severe storm, that chimneys had been blown down, houses unroofed, and much damage done in the port; and that at Tarragona H.M.S. the Tribune, and thirty-two other vessels, had been driven on shore.

Barcelona is a large city, with a noble and spacious harbour, fine ramparts, and a beautiful Alameda. The great fortress of Montjuic, on the high hill on the north entrance to the bay, is extremely picturesque. Many handsome stone houses were building in what is called the new town, and there appeared more traffic and commerce than we had observed in any other place in Spain; it is indeed only second to Madrid. The governor of the city and the governor of the fort called on us; and, after some difficulty, we were allowed to land our things, without the usual ceremony of having them unpacked on the pier, for the edification of

all the idlers usually collected there. We had much trouble in procuring a lodging, and at last succeeded in getting some wretched rooms up three pair of stairs at the *posada* "de las Quatro Naciones." The cold was now excessive, and there were no fireplaces or means of warming ourselves, but by *brasieros*, which are extremely oppressive and unwholesome.

Two days after, the Xarifa came in. Lord and Lady Wilton had been residing on shore at Valencia during the gale, and escaped it. They described the town as attractive, and its manufactories of tiles and damasks as well worth seeing.

Provisions were scarce and dear at Barcelona; thirty thousand unfortunate people driven in from the mountains had increased the population; and although numbers were sent off daily to the army, the country was described as being in such a state, that the governor dared not stir out of the gates without a strong escort. We remained here a week, much interested, and very well amused. The Consul, who has a fine house, better fitted for reception than for mere daily

habitation, gave a great ball and supper, which afforded us an opportunity of seeing the society. The Spanish ladies have committed a great error in abandoning their own beautiful costume, for second-rate French and English fashions.

There is a long street here composed of jewellers' shops. I was greatly struck with the earrings made for the peasantry; they are heavy and showy, enriched with stones, and cost from twenty to fifty pounds. On my expressing my astonishment at their being able to purchase such expensive ornaments, I was told that they were extremely rich on this northern coast, and especially about the Bay of Rosas; which we regretted excessively that want of time and the lateness of the season prevented our seeing.

The black satin in this town is considered excellent. There is also a great manufactory for thread stockings, and silver plate is cheap, and prettily wrought. The bad weather continuing, filled the harbour with ships, for none of the vessels could put to sea, and many came in, so that the situation of the yachts was by no means without anxi-

ety: however, fortunately our fears were without cause, for no accident occurred. Two French vessels were here, La Surprise and La Flêche, and their captains visited and admired, perhaps envied, the yachts.

On Saturday, 7th, we sailed; the Xarifa having taken her departure on the preceding Thursday. We were most fortunate in having fine weather and a fair wind. We soon got round the Cape; and, after twenty six hours' run from Barcelona, made the French land and the Plania lighthouse, but unfortunately too late to get into Marseilles harbour till daylight. Our usual ill luck, however, did not desert us. No sooner had it been decided that we must lie-to till morning, than the weather, which had been thickening all around, got worse. Squalls with rain and a heavy sea made the night very disagreeable, and we were not sorry next day to find ourselves anchored among thirteen hundred vessels in this busy port. The Xarifa came up with us in the course of the night, having had constant bad weather, in which she had sprung her jib-boom.

We now took a grateful leave of the Antelope,

thankful for our safe passage from Gibraltar, and, landing, proceeded to the Hôtel des Princes, where our children, who had preceded us in the steamer, had already arrived. Marseilles is by no means an agreeable residence; the climate is changeable, with cold winds and frequent fogs. The inn was detestable, and neither society nor amusement was to be found.

There is a curious chapel here on a height near the town; it is dedicated to the Virgin, and is filled with various offerings from mariners. The walls are covered with pictures of all sorts and sizes, representing every varied scene of danger and distress. This is an old and classical custom, dating from the most remote antiquity. There is a fine view from this spot of the harbour and surrounding hills.

During our stay at Marseilles, we went for two days to Toulon, and saw the magnificent harbour, the land-locked bay, and the dockyard. The Prince de Joinville had just arrived in "La Belle Poule," one of the finest of the French frigates; but, unfortunately, as he came from the east, the

authorities had put him in quarantine for thirty days, and I heard "Qu'on ne lui ferait pas grace d'un jour."

We drove over to see Hyères, a charming place, with a delicious climate, and much recommended as a residence for invalids. We strolled about the orange groves and gardens, admired the beautiful view, and returned to Marseilles, enchanted with our expedition. Our intention had been to proceed to Naples, but we received intelligence that altered our plans, and obliged us to return to England. After three months' wandering, we set out to perform the long and tedious journey to Paris by Avignon; and reached London in safety, early in January, 1840.

THE END.

FREDERICK SHOBERL, JUNIOR,
PRINTER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT,
51, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET, LONDON.

13, *Great Marlborough Street, June,* 1844.

MR. COLBURN'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN DOWAGER.

Now ready, in 2 vols. small 8vo., 21s. bound,

MEMOIRS OF

A BABYLONIAN PRINCESS,

MARIA THERESA ASMAR,

DAUGHTER OF EMIR ABDALLAH ASMAR,

WRITTEN BY HERSELF. AND TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

"This work forms a complete novelty in literature. The authoress, Maria Theresa Asmar, is the daughter of the late Emir Abdallah Asmar, the head of one of the noblest and most wealthy families of Bagdad, and a Chaldean Christian, whose stern and heroic adherence to his faith subjected him to unceasing exactions, the most cruel tortures, and finally brought him to an untimely death. His daughter, Maria Theresa, the only one of his numerous family who has escaped the sword of the oppressor, and the ravages of the pestilence, was born in a tent pitched on the ruins of ancient Nineveh, where her father had large landed possessions, and whither her mother had fled to escape the plague which, at the time when the subject of this memoir was born, raged in the neighbouring city of Mosul. Since the death of her father, and the downfall of his house, his ill-starred daughter has led a chequered and eventful life. Animated by the same holy zeal which cost her parent his existence, she devoted all her energies to the propagation of the Christian religion, and the elevation of the female character in the East, a course which often placed her in peril, and on one occasion compelled her to take refuge in the tents of a wild marauding band encamped on the banks of the Euphrates, amongst whom she dwelt during six months. Her narrative embraces her residence at Mosul and Bagdad, and her travels to Damascus, Palestine, and Syria, in which country she remained for upwards of four years, during which period she filled the office of first lady of honour to the wife of the Emir Beshir, at his palace of Beteddin in the Lebanon; concluding with her arrival in Europe; her visit to Rome, where she remained two or three years; her residence in Paris, and her arrival in England. Independently of the interest which must necessarily attach to a work written by so remarkable a personage—perhaps the only Ninevite who ever trod British soil, and in all probability the only Chaldean woman, at least of modern days, who ever wrote a book,—the memoirs will be found particularly entertaining from the many interesting particulars interspersed concerning Oriental life and manners, both in cities and amongst the wild and lawless desert tribes. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager has graciously permitted the Memoirs to be dedicated to her Majesty.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

Preparing for Publication, in 8vo, to range with the WELLINGTON DESPATCHES,

THE DESPATCHES AND LETTERS
OF
ADMIRAL LORD VISCOUNT NELSON.

EDITED BY

SIR HARRIS NICOLAS, G.C.M.G.

Although numerous Lives of the Great Naval Hero have been written, no attempt has yet been made to collect his DESPATCHES and LETTERS, and thus to render him, in a great degree, his own Biographer. The value of such documents, and the powerful manner in which they enhance a Hero's fame, are shown by the publication of the Despatches of the Duke of Wellington, to which this Work will be a fitting, if not a necessary, companion.

Important as are the illustrations of Naval History, which this Collection will afford, during the most glorious period in its annals, the chief interest, for the public in general, will consist in the lights which it will throw on the private character of NELSON, without the glitter of biographical encomium, or the mistaken zeal of biographical suppressions. His ardent patriotism, his professional devotion, his generous sympathy with the good or ill fortune of his brother officers, his unremitting efforts to promote their wishes, and his complete identification with their feelings, are so strongly depicted in his Letters, that admiration of the Hero is almost lost in affection for the Man. As NELSON thought and felt, he spoke and wrote: hence the few weaknesses of his noble mind are as apparent as its powers; and this singleness of purpose, and disregard of mere effect, impart to his Correspondence a sincerity and freshness, as delightful as they are rare. To the historical value of the "Despatches of the Duke of Wellington," this Collection will consequently unite the general attractions of the celebrated "Letters of Lord Collingwood."—It is intended to insert all Letters of LORD NELSON's of any interest, and no effort will be left untried to obtain such Despatches and Letters as have not yet been printed. For assistance in this essential object, the Editor confidently appeals to individuals who may possess originals or copies of NELSON's Letters, his Public Orders, and Professional Memoranda. He earnestly invites them to favour him with the loan of such papers, or to send him correct transcripts of them; and the contributions will be thankfully acknowledged in the printed work. He begs leave to address this request more particularly to distinguished living Officers, the friends and companions in arms of NELSON, as well as to the families of those who are no more, believing that no one who loves or reveres his memory will refuse his co-operation. The possessor of these Documents must feel, with the Editor, that though the Nation has lately rendered tardy justice to the Hero's services by erecting a Statue to his Honour, yet that NELSON's most lasting and appropriate Monument will be a complete collection of his own Letters and Despatches. The extent of the Work cannot now be precisely stated, but it is not likely that it will exceed three volumes.

Communications are requested to be addressed to the Editor, to the care of the Publisher, MR. COLBURN, 13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

Early in June will be published, in 2 vols., small 8vo., with Portraits, price 21s. bound,

MY ADVENTURES.

BY

COLONEL MONTGOMERY MAXWELL, K.H.,

COMMANDING THE 36TH REGIMENT.

These "Adventures" will comprise the facts and experiences of more than twenty years of a life spent amidst the most stirring scenes, and in immediate connexion with the most important and interesting events that have agitated Europe during the most remarkable period of modern history—scenes and events that have changed the destinies of every civilised country in the world, and which are daily working out new changes, both in the political and the social condition of mankind. But these "Adventures" (as the phrase is intended to imply) are nevertheless strictly *personal:* it is, therefore, hoped and believed that, independently of the instruction, they will offer matter for the entertainment of every class of reader, however idly or however busily disposed. They will include the minute details of the writer's many personal interviews with several of the most distinguished crowned heads—male and female—of Europe ;—among others, the Emperor Napoleon, the Empress Marie Louise, the King of Spain, his Holiness the Pope, Queen Caroline of England, King Joachim of Naples and his Queen, the King and Queen of Sardinia, the King and Queen of Etruria, the Emperor of Austria, the Archduke Charles, the King of Prussia, &c., &c.

The following are among the various countries (besides England), the manners and customs of which are illustrated in the course of these "Adventures:"—namely, Italy, Sicily, Spain, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, the West Indies, North America, &c., in each of which the author resided not for a few days, or weeks, but for years, and under circumstances which necessarily imparted to him the most intimate knowledge of their people, their manners, and their social and political institutions.

Further—the writer's rank and position as a British officer, and his family connexions with several of the most distinguished members of the English aristocracy, afforded him the advantages of that intercourse with the higher classes of the English people, both abroad and at home, which no other circumstances can give, and which are indispensable to a just appreciation and illustration of those habits and manners which are, after all, the most interesting to an English reader and observer, and which, it is to be expressly understood, will claim a leading and important share in these "Adventures."

It should be added that these "Adventures" are selected and transcribed from more than twenty MS. volumes of a journal kept by the author at the places and periods respectively referred to, and that every thing which is related is strictly, and it may be almost said, literally true.

Those persons who may be desirous of obtaining the work on the day of publication, are requested to forward their orders to their respective booksellers.

Now ready, in one handsome volume, 8vo, with Portraits, 15s. bd.,

THE MILITARY ANNUAL

FOR 1844.

By the Author of "The Artillerist's Manual," &c.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"This work is a storehouse of treasure connected with the achievements of our military forces. It abounds in valuable information relative to all branches of the service, to the members of which we heartily recommend it. It holds out every prospect of becoming permanently beneficial, instructive, and amusing to the British army."—*United Service Gazette.*

"A capital Military Library Book of reference, consisting of a careful selection of all that has appeared or occurred relating to the Army during the past year: besides which we have a Military Almanack, an Essay on Arms and Armies, Biography of Warriors of Olden Times, &c."—*Naval and Military Gazette.*

"We heartily congratulate our military readers on the establishment of a work devoted to their interests, and conducted with so much of tact, research, and ability. It is embellished with splendid portraits of Lord Hill and the Duke of Wellington—fit heroes to grace such a picture gallery; and the various curious tables and statistical details, with the authentic accounts of all matters connected with the armies of Great Britain, are highly interesting and valuable, not only to the professional but the non-professional reader."—*Dublin Evening Packet.*

"We shall be much surprised if this Annual be not, at once, recognised by the army as a standard military work, for it contains a mass of intelligence in the highest degree valuable and important to that branch of the service. We do not mean, by this, that being read it may be thrown aside, but that it will be kept as a book of reference for official facts, memoirs, &c."—*John Bull.*

"The present work contains a carefully-arranged detailed account of all the events that have happened during the past year in reference to the British army. The victories in China and India, with all the Despatches and 'Circulars' connected with these wars, as well as the votes of thanks to the army in both houses of parliament, are recorded with an accuracy of statistical detail which to the military man must render the work not merely valuable, but almost indispensable as a work of reference. There is also contained in the volume accounts of the presentation of colours to regiments during the year, of the 'general orders' that have been issued from the war-office; of the various courts martial that have been held; of the military colleges, academies, and institutions at present in existence; of the scientific operations and inventions that have occurred during the year; an historical memoir of the different regiments, together with other articles of a miscellaneous character, such as military anecdotes and biographical sketches of the warriors in the olden time. These, all comprised within the small compass of one volume, tend to render the work of such a nature as that no military man in the service should be without it. There is also an essay upon 'Arms and Armies,' giving a complete history of war from its first commencement. The work, we repeat, is one which, from the great variety of military details recorded in it, no regiment in the service should be without."—*Sunday Times.*

Now Ready, at all the Libraries, in 3 vols., post 8vo.,

A SECOND EDITION OF "CONINGSBY;

OR,

THE NEW GENERATION."

BY B. DISRAELI, ESQ., M.P.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From "The Times."

"The announcement of a new novel, by the able author of 'Vivian Grey,' would be sufficient to awaken the eager expectations of those who love lively sketches of society and brilliant descriptions of 'feast and ball,' but 'Coningsby' will attract additional and graver interest from the prevalent idea that he expounds the opinions of 'Young England.' The story will be found replete with interest."

From "The Morning Chronicle."

"We may augur for this book a very extensive popularity. It is quite as curious as it is clever."

From "The Morning Post."

"This book is full of life, spirit, and accurate portraiture. As a painter of fashionable life we know no one more *au fait* than M. Disraeli. Never did satire dissect with a more polished knife—never were the ulcers of political and fashionable life laid bare with a more scientific and nervous hand. This work is too cutting, too true, to be passed over unheeded. It must be read by all. The romantic interest of the story is likewise maintained with consummate skill."

From "The Morning Herald."

"This is in every respect a very fine and remarkable novel. It is a very successful attempt to intertwine the political feelings of the day with the interest and plot of a novel."

From "The Literary Gazette."

"This work is destined for extensive popularity. It is a production of much talent—bitterly personal, satirical, political, and is besides the manifesto of 'Young England.'"

From "The Court Journal."

"In whatever point of view we examine this work it commands unmixed admiration. It is admirable as a novel of real life—as a picture of English society—as an exposition of political parties and principles—as a gallery of living portraits. The recommendation of such a novel to our readers would be a work of supererogation. It is already in their hands, or on its way to them. Every body will read it."

From "The League."

"A remarkable book, written by a remarkable man, published at a time when both the subject and the author are sure to command general attention. 'Coningsby' is like 'Vivian Grey,' a political novel, the actors in which are living characters with fictitious names, and the plot not altogether fabulous."

From "The Naval and Military Gazette."

"'Coningsby' is *the* novel of the season. It is too late for us to say that it will excite extraordinary interest and curiosity; it has already done so throughout the length and breadth of the land—if not by its own immediate and direct dissemination, at least by the unprecedently extended and repeated notices of it that have occupied the morning papers day after day."

Now in course of Publication, in Four Quarterly Parts, price 10s. 6d. each, forming a single Volume of upwards of 1600 pages, beautifully printed in double Columns,

HISTORY

OF

THE LANDED GENTRY:

A Genealogical and Heraldic Dictionary

OF

THE WHOLE OF THE LANDED GENTRY, OR UNTITLED ARISTOCRACY OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND & IRELAND.

BY JOHN BURKE, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF THE "PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE."

AND

JOHN BERNARD BURKE, ESQ.,

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

THIS important work has been undertaken as a companion to Mr. Burke's popular "Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage of the United Kingdom," and upon a similar plan, in order that the two publications may embrace the whole body of the British Peerage, Baronetage, and Gentry, and may furnish such a mass of authentic information, in regard to all the principal families in the kingdom, as has never before been brought together.

It relates to the Untitled Families of Rank, as the "Peerage and Baronetage" does to the Titled, and forms, in fact, a Peerage of the Untitled Aristocracy. It embraces the *whole* of the Landed Interest.

The Landed Gentry of England are so closely connected with the stirring records of its eventful history, that some acquaintance with them is a matter of necessity with the historical student, the speculator in politics, and the curious in topographical and antiquarial lore; and even the very spirit of ordinary curiosity will prompt to a desire to trace the origin and progress of those families whose influence pervades the towns and villages of our land. This work, abounding in interesting anecdote, and displaying deep research, must rank among the first class of those publications which elucidate or connect themselves with, the annals of our country. It is, therefore, a most necessary companion to the "Peerage and Baronetage," and indispensable to the library of every gentleman.

"A work which contains curious information, nowhere else to be found, and to which even professional genealogists may refer with advantage."—*Quarterly Review.*

N.B.—Those who desire to obtain this Work immediately on its publication, are requested to send their orders, without delay, to their respective booksellers.

*** *It is particularly requested that all Communications intended for this work may be sent, without delay, to* J. BURKE, ESQ., 89, SLOANE STREET, *in order to ensure their appearance in proper alphabetical order.*

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO HER MAJESTY.

Now Ready, Vols. I. to VII., Embellished with Portraits, price 10s. 6d. each, bound,

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND,

FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST,

WITH ANECDOTES OF THEIR COURTS;

Now first published from Official Records and other Authentic Documents, private as well as public.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"These volumes have the fascination of a romance united to the integrity of history."—*Times.*

"A most valuable and entertaining work."—*Chronicle.*

"This interesting and well-written work, in which the severe truth of history takes almost the wildness of romance, will constitute a valuable addition to our biographical literature."—*Morning Herald.*

"A valuable contribution to historical knowledge. It contains a mass of every kind of historical, antiquarian, and gossiping matter of interest."—*Athenæum.*

NEW EDITION, WITH IMPORTANT ADDITIONS,

Uniform with Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," in Two Vols., with Portrait, &c., 21s. bound,

LETTERS

OF

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

Illustrative of her Personal History, now first published from the Originals.

Edited, with an Historical Introduction and Notes,

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The best collection of authentic memorials relative to the Queen of Scots that has ever appeared."—*Chronicle.*

"No public or private library can be considered complete without this valuable work."—*Morning Post.*

"Undoubtedly the most valuable, and by far the most interesting work, illustrative of the life and character of Mary Stuart ever given to the world."—*Edingburgh Evening Post.*

"A work deeply interesting, in every personal respect, and of high historical value."—*Literary Gazette.*

COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE CHINESE WAR, &c.

Now ready in Two Volumes, 8vo, with MAPS and PLATES, 32s. bound.

NARRATIVE OF THE

VOYAGES & SERVICES OF THE NEMESIS,

FROM 1840 TO 1843.

And of the combined NAVAL AND MILITARY OPERATIONS IN CHINA;

Comprising a complete Account of the Colony of Hong-Kong, and Remarks on the Character and Habits of the Chinese, &c.

From Notes of Commander W. H. HALL, R.N., with Personal Observations, by W. D. BERNARD, Esq., A.M. Oxon.

"This is probably the most important publication that has appeared respecting our late contest with China. In all that relates to the Nemesis especially, and to the naval operations of the Expedition, it is replete with the most lively and stirring interest. The Author grasps a subject which many others have only been able to play with."—*Naval and Military Gazette.*

"This book is, in effect, a complete history of the operations and results of the Chinese war. It is written with greater care than any similar work we have seen. Sketches of men engaged in the actions described are at best but materials of history. Mr. Bernard has had the advantage of professional assistance, and of a non-professional habit of observation. He has been a visiter, without being an actor, at the theatre of war; and he has used the advantages with excellent effect. He has written a book of evidently good authority, which clears off a quantity of misrepresentation, and gives an altogether calmer and steadier view of the origin, progress, and results of our warlike dealings with the false and flowery people."—*Examiner.*

"Our limits will not permit us to say more than to recommend this work to all such of our readers as may wish to understand the progress of this Chinese war, and to possess the clearest and fullest narrative of those frightful incidents which accompanied nearly all our victories. The writer also made a long excursion into the interior of the Chinese provinces, and describes the country well. His notices of the imperial court are also at once original and picturesque."—*Messenger.*

"This is an extremely interesting and valuable narrative. All details which might prove tedious are omitted. There are no lengthened disquisitions, no elaborate or minute pictures, but a constantly varying recital which, with all the satisfactoriness of truth, has the charm of fiction. If we except the old voyages of discovery, which carry the mind over an unknown and mysterious ocean, where new regions are every moment expected to develope their features before us, we scarcely remember to have read any maritime relation with so much pleasure as this. The Nemesis, it is well known, acted a distinguished part in the war in China, but the details are now for the first time accessible. They will be read with a pleasure proportioned to their importance, and the simplicity and ability with which they are given. What we have said will, we trust, suffice to recommend to our readers the Voyage of the Nemesis, which we regard as, in every respect, one of the best works of the class to which it belongs."—*Sunday Times.*

HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER, 13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

Agents: for Scotland, Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; for Ireland, John Cumming, Dublin. Orders received by all Booksellers.

HUNGARIAN REFERENCE
NEW YORK, N. Y.
LIBRARY

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 020 678 813 6